BLUE AND GRAY

1928

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PUBLISHED BY

THE STUDENT BODY

OF

MOUNTAIN VIEW UNION HIGH SCHOOL

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A Word from the Staff

LAST YEAR a decree of the Board of Trustees seemed to toll the death knell of our hopes for another Annual. It was a bitter blow, for all classes, from the time they are Freshmen, look forward to the gloroius day when they as Seniors will lead in the publication of the "Blue and Gray." But some good fairy was surely watching over us, because the Board reversed its decision this year, permitting the students to ballot on the question of continuing the Annual. Our fathers and mothers and Alumni of the school were staunch supporters of this action and were as happy as we at the outcome. So, first of all, we thank the Board of Trustees for permitting the student ballot to reinstate the "Blue and Gray," and the Alumni and our fathers and mothers for their hearty support of this important activity in our school. We hope that this year's issue will prove worthy of its reinstatement.

We are not forgetful of the importance of the financial help we have received: from the more than three hundred subscribers who so willingly purchased the "Blue and Gray;" from the merchants of this vicinity who are represented in "Our Ads;" from the Student Body, likewise, and from the classes and clubs within the school, whose liberal financial help augmented the possibilities of our work.

One department in the High School, not directly represented on the Staff or in any section of the book, stands nevertheless behind every printed page in it. We refer to the commercial department under Mr. Wilder's able direction. Our debt to them cannot be overestimated, for had they not so cheerfully assumed the burden of typing the final manuscripts and performed this great service so regularly and so well, we simply should not have gone to press in time for our publication.

It is impossible for us to thank adequately the students of art or Mrs. Molineux, instructor in art, and Art Advisor for the Annual,—they have contributed so much that adds to the beauty and the interest of the book. From the cover design by Tayeko Kiyomura and the lettering on all drawings by Royal Pfleger to the simplest cartoon, the department as a whole has been interested and has contributed, as can be seen from the variety of signatures on the drawings. Though not in art, Kazue Abbey assisted greatly in the final work of preparing the cartoons for the engraver.

As general Adviser for the "Blue and Gray," Miss Schmidt has our sincerest appreciation of her labor to make the publication as good as the means at our command could produce. Her help has been an inspiration to the Staff.

We have always been served excellently by the Commercial Art and Engraving Company that has for several years handled our engraving. This year we are especially grateful to them and to Mr. E. C. Warburton, their representative, for the personal attention given our pictures in order to facilitate our publishing the Annual on time.

Among those who "burned the midnight oil" in order to rush the work of getting the "Blue and Gray" into the hands of subscribers on scheduled time, mention must be made of our printers, the Beddoe Brothers. With little better than two weeks to work, they have achieved what seemed almost the impossible.

Though we have had moments of concern, it has been a pleasure to work on the 1928 "Blue and Gray." Our hope is that the perusal of its pages may bring enjoyment to its patrons.

THE STAFF.

gift 5/1/67

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AN EASTER LILY'S MISSION

There it stood in solitary state,
An Easter lily by the garden gate!
Around it hovered other Easter flow'rs,
Lilacs white, and roses set in bow'rs;
But it was thought that among all the rest,
The white, majestic calla was the best.
It's pearly edges all so neatly curled,
It seemed more like a flag but half unfurled,
It's amber finger pointed towards the sky,
An exhortation to all passers-by.

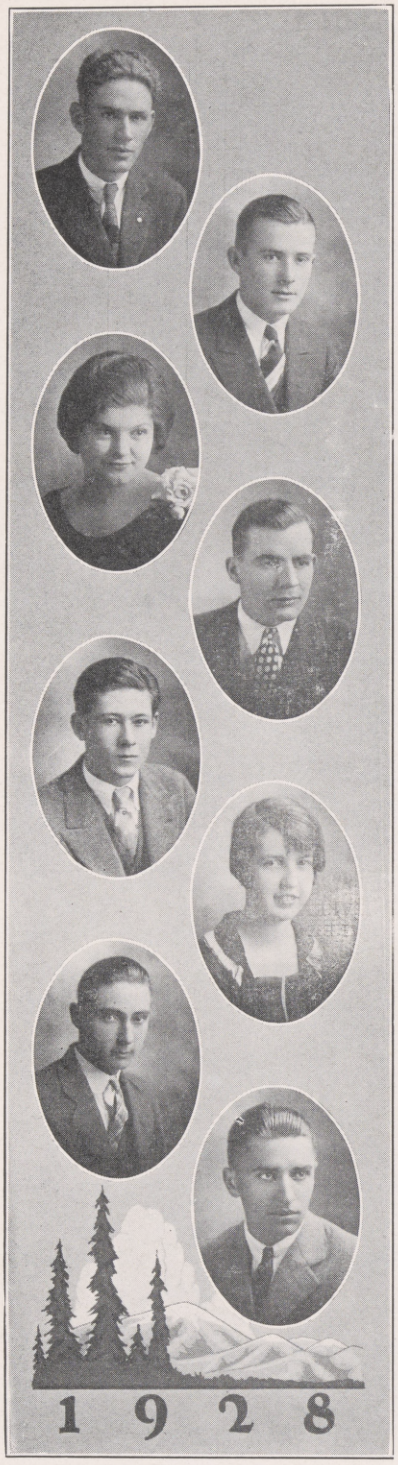
Easter Sunday dawned upon the sky,
The day when Christ proved he did not die.
The lily now resplendent in full bloom,
As if to tell of triumph o'er the tomb,
Waited for an opportunity
To carry out its mission, when 'twas free
From the stem that held it so secure,
Surrendering itself to service's lure,
Waited there so long and patiently,
Yet none its eager visage seemed to see.

But then at last a child, while hard at play,
Chanced upon the lily, on her way.
The child exclaimed at first, and then she cried,
"Oh, how nice to trim our house!" Then sighed,
Thinking of the lady 'cross the way,
Who had to lie in bed throughout the day,
And never could enjoy the bright sunshine,
Tho' never did she grieve, or sigh, or pine.
The child then saw the lily's upturned face,
Its wish for Service filling it with grace.
"I'll give you to the lady 'cross the way.
I'll do it now, right now, this very day!"
And so she made her way across the lane
To the lady of the counterpane,
Who smiled at her, a charming, wistful smile
That should the heart of anyone beguile.
The child then laid the lily on the bed;
And with a childlike bashfullness, she fled.

But all the rest of that bright Easter day,
The lily cheered the lonely hours away.
The flow'r no longer wished for good to do;
The lily's Easter mission had come true!

ELIZABETH LESLIE, '29

Graduates



CLARK ELLSWORTH

As Student Body President
His capability he's lent.

EARL MOCKBEE

The high school "sheik" he is,
And sets all hearts a-whiz.

HELEN CIVELLI

In public speaking Heeln Shines,
In debating and in plays;
With all her vim and comely ways
For her a future shines.

ALFRED FANUCCI

He's fond of secretaries, Al
There's one whos his special Pal.

HORACE LAUGHLIN

The editor of the "Blue and Gray,"
We'll drink a toast to him today;
Shy, quiet, strong, and true,
Here's to him, for he's true blue!

DORIS AWALT

Palladia's youngest member, she,
A true alumna soon she'll be.

CARL SIRVAIN

He's on the side lines till the very last minute
And every remark of his has some weight in it.

JOHN LAZNIBAT

A sportsman is this lad,
He's never, never sad.

MARY RUTH BURROWS

A dark-haired damsel with dusky eyes
Wherein the utmost friendship lies

MACKENZIE CANTIN

He's soon to join the Stanford ranks
And wreck the college with his pranks.

RUTH MCDANIEL

With hair so brown and eye so blue,
And a voice of golden tone,
Don't look on her, for she'll charm you.
(Oh, yes, she has a phone.)

VINCENT DARRAH

Bimbo, the Pirate, we have here
He isn't fierce, so never fear.

VIRGINIA CAMP

With maestro's skill she draws a bow;
Coquettish art she doth also know.

HERBERT CHILDS

A quiet sort, this studious lad,
Many a fine thing to this world he will add.

LORETTA OWLES

She fills the day with laughter bright
And sings her song into the night.

MELVIN MCINTYRE

The preacher's son, this taking lad,
He'll follow the footsteps of his dad.

WALLACE SOHLER

The high school hero is he;
In baseballdom, you see,
He declines the honor he deserves
And from publicity he swerves.

HERBERT SPENCER

This young man will all records smash;
Just watch him finish the 440-yard dash.

RITA RALSTON

Many's the time we'll remember this lass.
Shes noted for worth, and also for "class."

DONALD BELLEW

As "Tony' in the Senior Play
He stole the maidens' hearts away.

ROY TSURUDA

He'll "show us all" one of these days,
And we'll all get together to sing his praise.

DOROTHY DOMINICK

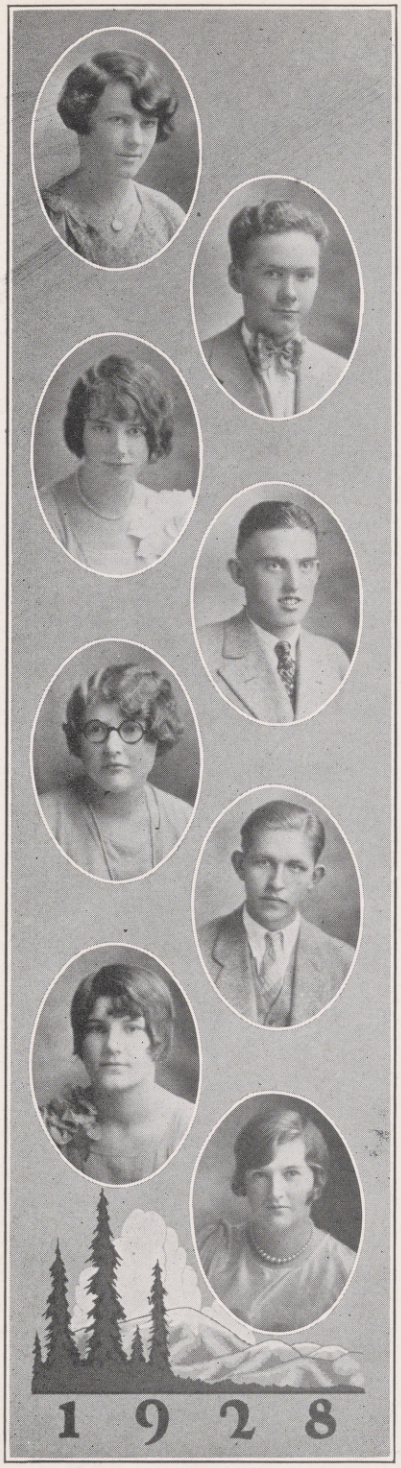
The tiniest Senior is this child
Of nature sweet and temper mild.

KENNETH VINCENT

A good looking chap who will make his own way
No matter how cloudy or stormy the day.

ERNEST MOORE

A correspondence course in salesmanship
He's had; he sells at quite a clip.



DORIS BENNETTS

With cryptic air she plays a part
To hide a gen'rous kindly heart.

PERRY MCPHEETERS

With smiling eye and freckled face aglow
He looks with humorous twinkle on this serious world.

THERESA KNAPP

As proud and haughty Grace
We'll not forget her face;
Her nature we'll remember though,
As quiet and simple, for we know.

HERBERT HART

Of football fame is he,
The pride of his family tree.

JEAN LEVIN

With a lofty goal and the will to do,
With a heart of courage and her thoughts her own,
The ideal of her life rings true;
She proves that real worth can stand alone.

ROBERT RAHE

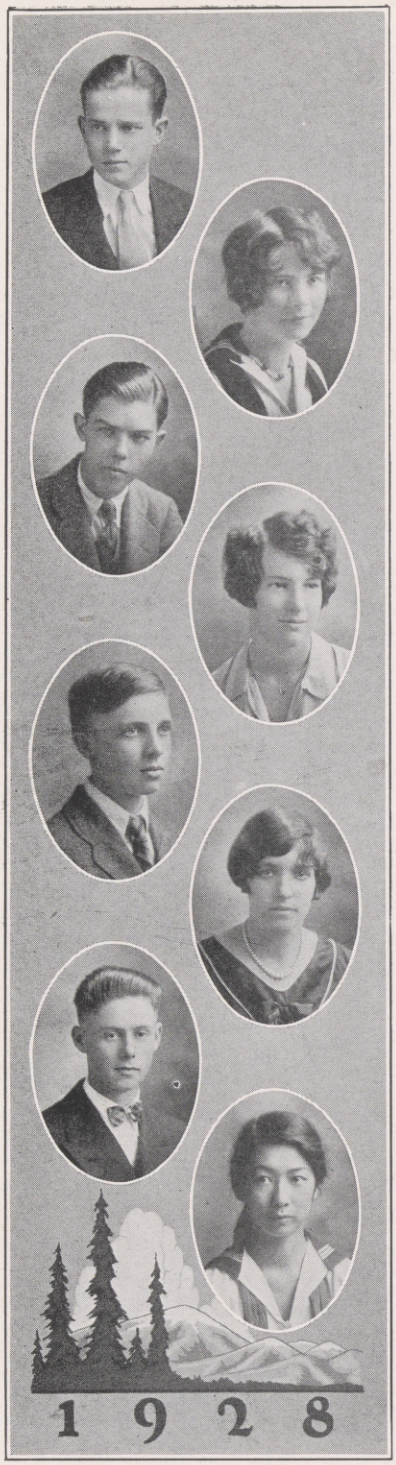
This handsome young chap makes many a heart beat,
But his spare time he spends a-cutting up meat.

CLAIRE JELAVICH

The Girls' Athletic Commissioner
At sports no one surpasses her.

GENEVIEVE HAYES

With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
This maiden certainly is fair.



HARRY LOOMIS

This young man is an industrious sort
But at time do come when he's full of sport.

ELEANOR HOWELL

She's the ruination of your heart
And uses her eyes with a coquette's art.

WILLIAM KOPP

Can he play the piano?
Can Hispano-Sueszas go?

EVELYN NEILSEN

The Girls' League president is this lady fair;
Girls of her type are very rare.

TOM STRAUB

Tom Straub, the comedian of our class,
He has a nerve that's made of brass;
He'd make an entertainer of no mean class.

LILY KUHNLE

Shy and quiet and demure,
But clever to be sure.

PHILIP SCILLA

Philip's a lad that always is gay;
So give him a hand; he'll brighten your way.

MITSUHO FUNABIKI

Who'd guess to see her mild retiring grace,
That in oratory she'd win her place?

MILDRED NEWBY

With beauteous grace and quiet mien
She walks her way of life, serene.

ROYAL PFLEGER

A real good fellow with plenty of merit
There's never a thing done but he'll grin and bear it.

ALICE CAREY

"Gentlemen prefer" this charming maid;
Whose grace and "style" are Nature's Aides.

WILFRED PARNOW

"Dimples" is his name,
Or "Porky" is just the same.

FRANK MATIENZO

I wouldn't call this gentleman a clown,
But there's never a time he's been seen to frown.

IRENE MALATESTA

What wondrous thoughts beneath those golden locks,
No sign of competition her calmness rocks.

ITSUME KAWAMOTO

The track star is Itsume
A second Paddock he.

JACK KAWAMOTO

Though to the world he doesn't shout
And with quiet mien he goes about,
He's to be counted on,—no doubt.

Name	Nickname	Favorite Expression	Hobby	Ambition	Fate
Doris Awalt	"Eve"	"Express yourself"	Picknicking	Old maid "stenog"	Actress
Donald Bellew	"Don"	"Is that so?"	Movies	Photographer	Revolutionist
Doris Bennetts	"Dory"	"Oh, yeh?"	Driving	Dramatist	Derssmaker
Mary Ruth Burrows	"Chubby"	"Oh, Eleanor!"	Joy-riding	Gloria Swanson II	Old maid
Virginia Camp	"Ginger"	"Who cares?"	Teasing	Globe-trotter	Physicist (?)
MacKenzie Cantin	"Mac"	"For John's sakes?"	Driving "Loretta"	Channel swimmer	Hermit
Alice Carey	"Alix"	"Fiddle-de-dums!"	Horsebacking	Professor	Cook
Herbert Childs	"Nermi"	"Five gallons, please"	Saving gasoline	Speed-burner	Traffic cop
Helen Civelli	"Ma"	"Uh-uh-uh-uh!"	"Young Diana"	Sarah Bernhart II	Grass widow
Vincent Darrah	"Vinnie"	"Well, now"	Working	Pill peddler	Senator
Dorothy Dominick	"Dot"	"Oh, heavens!"	Boys	Six feet	Movie star
Clark Ellsworth	"Slim"	"Oh, Mr. Aitken"	Fooling around	Aviator	Lindy II
Alfred Fanucci	"Shippy"	"Cut it out"	Talking to (?)	Opera singer	President
Mitsuho Funabiki	"Mil"	"I don't know"	Long hair	Madame Sherry II	Secretary
Herbert Hart	"Hava"	"Whassat?"	Laughing	Get married	Heartless
Gineveeve Hayes	"Jenny"	"Say!"	Doing shorthand	Boxer	Golf champion
Eleanor Howell	"Freckles"	"Oh, gee!"	Studying	Lady Governor	Beauty specialist
Claire Jelavich	"Nervina"	"Julius Cæsar!"	Bossing	Athlete	Stump orator
Itsume Kawamoto	"Half-pint"	"That's rich"	Being bashful	Chef	Woman hater
Jack Kawamoto	"Taro"	"Aw, go on"	Sleeping	Popular mechanic	Ventriloquist
William Kopp	"Bill"	"Taxi, lady?"	Flirting	Taxi driver	I. W. W.
Theresa Knapp	"Tootsie"	"Wait a minute"	Blushing	Saleswoman	Millionairess
Lily Kuhnle	"Bill"	"Well—"	Being quiet	Circus rider	Heiress

John Laznibat	"Latzo"	"Ask me another?"	Doing trig	Math shark	Heart breaker
Horace Laughlin	"Horsie"	"Just my luck"	Trombone	Musician	Jazz king
Jean Levin	"Flaming Youth"	"Good night!"	Giggling	Suffragette	Nurse
Harry Loomis	"Hank"	"Some day you'll say O. Kay"	Going to Salinas	Lawyer	Politician
Irene Malatesta	"Sadie"	"Of course"	Looking pretty	Movie star	Teacher
Frank Matienzo	"Mat"	"Hot dog!"	Girls (?)	Sailor	Bolshevik
Ruth McDaniel	"Ruthie"	"Sure"	Being good	Society queen	Farmerette
Melvin McIntyre	"Preacher"	"Oh, sugar!"	Asking questions	Be like papa	Cave man
Earl Mockbee	"Bud"	"Help, fire!"	Class president	Fireman	Dancing master
Ernest Moore	"Tricky"	"Together, we two"	Dancing	Millionaire	Bellhop
Mildred Newby	"Tillie"	"I'll say"	Dish washing	Married	Married
Evelyn Nielsen	"Mike"	"Oh, John!"	Working	Principal	Red Cross nurse
Loretta Owles	"Lorrie"	"You'll get hydrophobia"	Writing notes	Get 'em in a Rumble	Man-killer
Wilfred Parnow	"Porky"	"Are you crazy?"	Smiling	Veterinary	Engineer
Royal Pfleger	"Roy"	"How come?"	Varsity drag	Actor	Stagehand
Robert Rahe	"Bob"	"Now let me tell one"	Arguing	Englishman	Artist
Rita Ralston	"Rallie"	"What's it to you?"	Primping	Heroine	Flapper
Phillip Scilla	"Phil"	"Carrumba!"	Driving Lizzie	Jack Dempsey II	Hen-pecked husband
Carl Sirvain	"Angora"	"Let me tell you"	Winking	Magician	Sheik
Herbert Spencer	"Herb"	"Quit your kiddin'"	Making excuses	Fiddler	Congressman
Thomas Straub	"Senior"	"Poor little me"	Scaring girls	Sheik	Secretary of War
Roy Tsuruda	"Tessie"	"Oh, I say"	Ford	None known	Dog catcher
Wallace Sohler	"Swede"	"Get ready, now"	Talking	Swat king	Babe Ruth II
Kenneth Vincent	"Kena"	"By Jove"	Queening	Pop-corn vender	Beau Brummel
Perry McPheeters	"Spider"	"Aw——"	Smiling at (?)	Aeronautical engineer	U. S. Treasurer

Senior History

"LAST FALL when school opened, we wandered around like whipped puppies. When we saw the upperclassmen passing through the halls with that dignified, just-it look, we felt like running off into some corner where we might hide our bewildered faces." Such was the beginning of our History, the class of 1928.

With such a beginning it took most of our Freshman year to work off our bewilderment and obtain the title of real high school students. But, our learning did not stop us from taking part in some of the school activities. We took part in Student Body Night by presenting "An Old Fashioned Garden." We were also represented in the operetta for that year. Leon Scharman (graduated in 1927) was our very able president.

With one year of experience and all the greenness worn off, we received the title of Sophomores. With the leadership of our very capable president, Helen Norman, we had a successful year, although we did not make so many dents in the social calender. We enjoyed doing a stunt Student Body Night and going on a class picnic to Alum Rock.

And then—upper classmen! Juniors! With what vim we made ready for—and cleaned up after—the Junior Carnival(our big event that year, held for the first time in the High School building. That having gone with a pop and a bang, we made ready for Student Body Night, in which our number was "The Junior Journal," while those of us who were then Sophs gave a Musical Representation.

The climax of our year was the Junior-Senior picnic which was held at Santa Cruz. This yielded a very busy day and a good time for every one. We were also represented as Juniors in scholarship, athletics, and in the operetta. In the middle of the year we welcomed to our group what had been the High Sophomore Class and had now become Low Juniors.

With the co-operation of the Faculty, the Student Body, and our President, Bud Mockbee, we are having a Senior year long to be remembered. The Hallowe'en Party given by the Juniors was full of surprises, wonders, and thrills of Hallowe'en. And then came the day when the Senior Class showed the rest of the school just how original, artistic, and colorful they could be, this all being brought forth in the Senior Dress-Up Day. We finished this delightful day with a party which was held directly after school.

One of the Senior's best parties was held the evening of May 4. Half of the evening was spent in playing table games, while the last half was occupied with dancnig.

As Seniors we yet have many events to look forward to, events which we look toward to with pleasure. There is the Junior-Senior picnic, at which we will be the guests, and, of course, every one knows what a picnic means. Then there is that very exciting last week of school which is for the Seniors, Senior Week, and contains Class Night, Senior Party,—all events that are looked forward to. Last of all that final link between the old and the new,—Commencement.

We as Seniors wish to record here our hearty thanks to all those who in any way helped to make this year what it has been.

EVELYN NIELSEN.

Frank so high
Bob as the State of Wash. knew him
Philip with big Sister.
Don back in Minn
Claire before she became baseball Capt.
John and the Kids
Doris
Virginia in Mountain View
Doris of Santa Cruz
Theresa
Herb. Spencer
Irsume
Jack
Carl as seen by Orville
Harry in Mpls.
Kenna
Mac in Paris
Clark in deep thought

Senior Will

WE, THE CLASS OF 1928, of Mountain View Union High School, of the City of Mountain View, of the State of California, being of sound mind and body, and not acting under any fraud, malice or undue influence, do make, publish, and declare this our last will and testament.

First, we bequeath to the Faculty all our good grades, with the understanding that they bestow them upon the Juniors in order that they may have recommending grades, and our numerous petitions to be excused from school Senior week.

Second, to the Juniors we leave our distinguished seats in the assembly.

Third, to the Sophomores we leave our athletic ability, on the part both of the girls and of the boys.

Fourth, to the Freshmen we leave our superior intelligence.

Fifth, we as individuals bequeath to various members of the Student Body the following:

I, Doris Awalt, leave my speed as a typist to Rhoda Pyle.

I, Donald Bellew, bestow upon Charles de Curtoni my much envied curly locks.

I, Doris Bennetts, being an accomplished flirt, do will this longed-for title to Agnes Carey.

I, Mary Ruth Burrows, leave my good naturedness to Beatrice Taylor.

I, Virginia Camp, leave my powder puff to Thelma McIntyre.

I, Mackenzie Cantin, leave my ever-ready "Stude" to William Crowley.

I, Alice Carey, leave my beautiful side stroke to Zella Mendoza.

I, Herbert Childs, bequeath to Minford Ralston my ability to do chemistry.

I, Helen Civelli, leave my poetic ability to Jean Smith, hoping she may attain such success as I have.

I Vincent Darrah, bestow upon Pete Jelavich my basket-ball ability.

I, Dorothy Dominick, leave my position as the smallest Senior to James Castle.

I, Clark Ellsworth, leave to my brother Elmer my "fliver."

I, Alfred Fanucci, leave to Donald McDonald my oratorical ability in Boys' League, hoping he will be appreciative enough to get up and express his opinion.

I, Herbert Hart, will to Lewis Dunham and John Thuesen the "Hava" Hat, for which they have striven all year.

I, Genevieve Hayes, leave to Edith Edwards my demure ways.

I, Eleanor Howell, bestow upon Betty Crowell my "good looks" and my "Winning way" with the boys.

I, Claire Jelavich, leave to Cherry Wessenberg my good library record and the quick service I gave.

I, Itsume Kawamoto, bequeath my athletic ability to Richard Mastin.

I, Jack Kawamoto, leave my ability to "keep quiet" when called on to Jack Olney.

I, William Kopp, leave my genius at the piano and my position as leader of the Jazz orchestra to Edward Nunes.

I, Theresa Knapp, leave my dramatic ability to Richard Glyer.

I, Lily Kuhnle, leave my place on the high school "bus" to Nick Marovich, hop

Royal
Baby Irene
Ernie
Perry takes lunch
Just Bill
Jean furnished the weight
Cantin takes a shot.
Little Ruth
A Lily from San Jose
Dorothy from Colorado

ing he will be faithful to it all during his high school career as have I.

I, John Laznibat, leave to William Forbes the care of my little sister Mary, hoping he will appreciate this privilege and assume the responsibility.

I, Harry Loomis, will to William Bratte my "pull" with the faculty.

I, Irene Malatesta, will my position as office secretary at noon to Betty Hartsuck.

I, Frank Matienzo, leave my winning way with the girls to Ray Alford.

I, Perry McPheeters, bestow upon Margaret Castle my sun-kissed complexion.

I, Ruth McDaniels, leave to Lillian Beck my enchanting eyes. (Don't forget to make use of them Lillian.)

I, Melvin McIntyre, leave my ability to give Literary Digest reports in the history classes to Hazel Francisco.

I, Earl Mockbee, leave to Attiglio Manfredi my silph-like figure.

I, Ernest Moore, leave my camera to Richard Mastin and my prize-winning ability to Keith Kunze.

I, Mildred Newby, leave to Ethel Waits, my smile.

I, Evelyn Nielsen, bequeath to Frances Bubb my habit of being quarantined for a month or two each year.

I, Loretta Owles, will my "pull" with Mr. Campbell to Bernice Bernard. Be careful Bernice, or you'll get one of those beloved "3's."

I, Wilfred Parnow, leave my dimples to Lyle Job.

I, Royal Pfleger, leave to Warren Moore my ability to "burn up."

I, Robert Rahe, bequeath my many successful (?) love affairs to Charles Marcella. (Don't be bashful Charles.)

I, Rita Ralston, leave my ever present lipstick to Phyllis Smith, hoping it may prove as useful to her as it has to me.

I, Philip Scilla, bestow upon Noel Knight my husky (?) voice.

I, Carl Sirvain, leave my interest in the welfare of the school to Thomas Cardoza.

I, Wallace Sohler, leave to Owens Minton my favored place in the boys' anti-room before school and over the noon hour.

I, Herbert Spencer, will to Pete Laznibat my cherished (?) seat by Miss Arata's desk in fourth period study hall.

I, Thomas Straub, leave to Zelma Reddington my pet lizard, and my ability to sit through three successive periods of history each day to Harle Bissonette.

I, Roy Tsuruda, realizing that there are too many clarinets in the orchestra, leave to Robert Lane my French horn, in order that there may be more of a variety.

I, Kenneth Vincent, bestow my midnight tresses upon my young sister Bernice

I, Jean Levin, having completed this masterpiece, after much consideration, leave to Evelyn Williams my nickname, "Flaming Youth."

Signed and Witnessed to this 14th day of June.

"HAVA" HAT
WITNESS

THE CLASS OF 1928
JEAN LEVIN, Scribe.

ROY
Horace Help
Eleanor in New York
Bud and His Friend
wilford
Rita
Herb. Childs
Tom Takes a Ride
Tilly in Nebraska
Jenny

The Prophecy

1732½ West Castro St.
Mountain View, Calif., May 1, 1948

Dear Old Tom Straub:

Just a note to tell you of some news.

Yesterday I met Evelyn Nielsen, who had just returned from a tour of the world by way of Europe and the Orient on one of the new E. Moore Air Liners. She told me of her trip and then we started talking about our old high school days. And of all things! There were seven of our old classmates on the ship. The captain happened to be Al Fanucci; do you remember him? And who do you suppose was the chief engineer? Phillip Scilla! The pilot was none other than Itsume Kawamoto, and the chief radio operator was Wilfred Parnow. Two of our old classmates were in the dinner orchestra, namely, Doris Awalt at the piano, and Mitsuho Funabiki leading at the violin. Evelyn found out from Doris that Bill Kopp was pianist in the jazz orchestra on another liner at that time.

In New York, Evelyn met Perry McPheeters. Also Loretta Owles, who was living in New York at the time. From the first she learned that Perry was in partnership with Clark Ellsworth, Vincent Darrah, and Donald Bellew in manufacturing a new type of heliocopter designed by the eminent inventor, John Laznibat. Loretta said that Virginia Camp was professor of music at Vassar College, and that Bud Mockbee was one of the most known oil magnates in the East.

In Cairo she happened to meet Herbert Spencer, who was directing the filming of a desert play for the Herbert Hart Moving Picture Company. He was starring Robert Rahe as a desert sheik playing opposite the beautiful Eleanor Howell, as the flapper of the East.

During a stop in Calcutta, Evelyn renewed her acquaintance with Ruth McDaniel, who told her that Genevieve Hays and Jean Levin were in the Himalaya Mountains hunting rare game with Herbert Childs.

This was abolut the extent of Evelyn's knowledge of our old schoolmates except that Jack Kawamoto was president of a big importing company.

We kept on talking about various topics till I undertook to relate all I knew of our old friends who lived nearby. I told her about Horace Laughlin taking over the Hearst Newspaper Syndicate and making Frank Matienzo his managing editor. Evelyn was surprised when I told her of the injury of Harry Loomis, manager of the Carl Sirvain-Roy Tsuruda Trucking Company, when the safe was blown up by thieves on the fifteenth floor of that new McIntyre Building (built by financial backing of the money-magnate, Melvin McIntyre). I also told her of Laura Campbell's working in Kenneth Vincent's new $2,000,000 theater in San Francisco. She was very glad to hear of the success of Dorothy Dominick and Rita Ralston on one of the big western stage circuits. I mentioned Wallace Sohler's phenomenal year with the Giants, he being one of the most sought-for pitchers of the season. I told her (although she knew it by then) of Doris Bennetts and Mary Ruth Burrows being the first women to circumnavigate the globe on a nonstop flight.

Genevieve
Evelyn
Alice
Jean
Wally the brave
"Al"
chums
Helen
Loretta from New Jersey
Melvin Railroad King.
Mitsuho
Vinnie in Canada
Mary Ruth
Hava

One person leading to another, I advised her to see the Desert Melody playing in the San Francisco Opera House with Helen Civelli in the lead, and Mildren Newby in the counter-lead as a clever comedian. Also to see the moving picture just released with Royal Pfleger and Alice Carey in the lead playing at the Alcazar in San Francisco.

Evelyn then reminded me of studious Lily Kuhnle and the very good librarian, Claire Jelavich, we used to have back in fourth period study in 1928. They are both working now in the Congressional Library, very noteworthy. Evelyn was very glad to hear of Irene Malatesta's success as head of the stenography department in a San Francisco concern and of Theresa Knapp's marriage to a wealthy northern farmer. Hoping this to be of interest to you, I remain as ever,

Your most sincere friend,

MacKenzie Cantin.

CLASS OFFICERS

Earl Mockbee, *President* — Evelyn Nielsen, *Secretary*

Perry McPheeters, *Vice-President* — Clark Ellsworth, *Treasurer*

Alfred Fanucci, *Yell Leader*

CLASS ADVISORS

Miss Harriett W. Tuft — Mr. Floyd E. Wilder

Purple and Gold		Yellow Rose
class colors	class motto	class flower

"Non ministrari sed ministrare"

("Not to be served but to serve")

CLASS SONG

Words by Helen Civelli — Melody "The Desert Song"

Our high school days were like treasures, ev'ry one;
We hate to think that they soon will all be done.
They'll live on forever, though
In our mem'ries we know.

CHORUS:

Farewell to our high school days,
And friends; teachers who've shown the way.
We hate to go,
It tears our hearts to say goodbye
Though we know
That life is waiting.
We'll walk through the gates and meet it like
True sons and daughters of the M. V. High.
But we'll remember our glorious high school days.

Class Yells

S-E-N-I-O-R-S
Seniors
Seniors
Supreme, '28
'28

Lots of pep,
Up to date
1-9-2-8
Supreme
Supreme

Undergraduates

Juniors

JOHN THUESEN, *President* — BERNICE BERNARD, *Secretary-Treasurer*
KEITH KUNZE, *Vice President* — LYLE MILLER, *Yell Leader*

THREE years have gone and the fourth and final year has arrived. One short year remains and we will have reached our goal, that which for four years has called us on.

The first important happening of our Junior year was the Junior-Senior football game: 6-0 in the favor of the Seniors, a game in which school spirit ruled and the better team won. The next big event was the Junior-Senior Hallowe'en party in the High School. Miss Apple and Mr. Aitken carried the program out perfectly.

The main occurrence of the year was the annual Junior Carnival held in our new gym. We had the honor of having it for the first public event to be held there. It proved to be the best Carnival yet put on, both socially and financially. It was under the supervision of Keith Kunze, John Thuesen, Miss Gerritt, and Mr. Aitken.

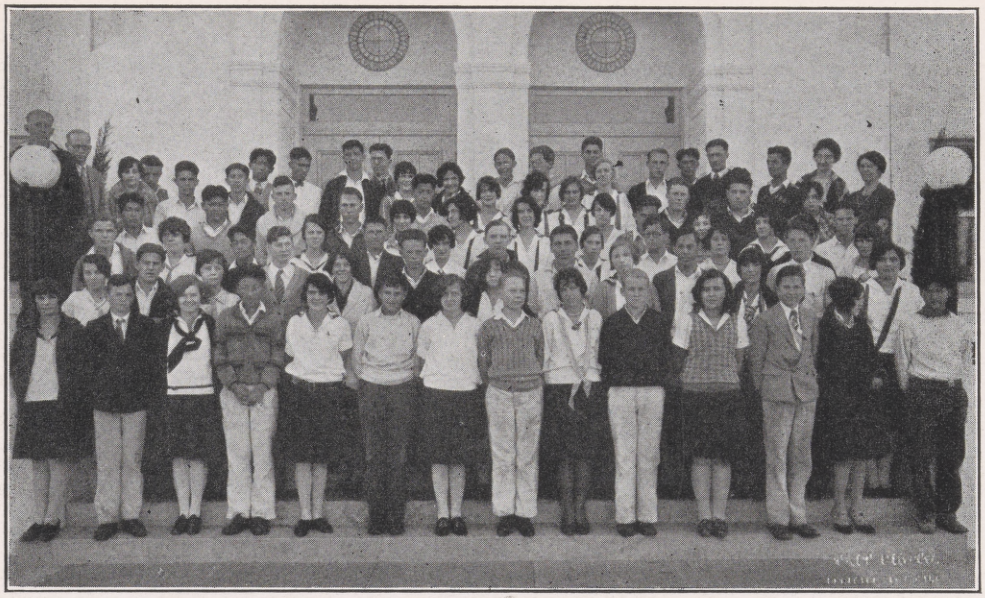
Our afternoon party in the gym went over with a bang! Everyone was there for a good time and got it. Mr. Campbell and John Thuesen had worked out a very enjoyable program.

The Seniors, as the guests of the Juniors, went to Santa Cruz on a picnic. The Juniors proved themselves true hosts and their guests had a merry old time.

We were represented on the "Blue and Gray" staff by seven members, or one third of the entire staff. The class also gave the "Blue and Gray" seventy-five dollars to help make it a greater success.

Not only have our class activities been most successful in every way, but we have been represented in all school activities. The girls won the interclass basketball championship, and the boys were well represented on the championship football team.

Miss Gerritt, Miss Apple, Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Aitken, we wish to express our gratitude to you, our class advisors, in a hearty "Thank You.." LEWIS DUNHAM.



Sophomores

ELMER ELLSWORTH, *President* — ERMA SHROEDER, *Secretary-Treasurer*
FOSTER PELL, *Vice-President* — RAYMOND POTTS, *Yell-Leader*
HARVEY SUZUKI, *Assistant Yell-Leader*

HURRAH! For the Class of Thirty! In each school year there is one class which stands out prominently, or is a shining light. This year this high degree was awarded to the Sophomore Class. To begin with we adopted two class songs written by Betty Crowell. On Student Body Night, held October twenty-fourth, the Sophomores put on a splendid production "The Toy Symyphony Orchestra." We wish to thank Mr. Campbell for the help he gave us to put it over. The main side show at the Junior Carnival was "The Puppet Show," put on by our class. The big night of our school year was the Freshman Reception. The party was in the Gym on Friday, April thirteenth. The Frosh enjoyed the Kangaroo Court. They will not forget the unforgiving Sophomore Judge.

Our class party was held, February ninth, in the New Gymnasium, the first class party in the Gym. All of us enjoyed the games and dancing, the music for which was supplied by Mr. Aitken. Elfriede's committee deserves much praise. The Sophomore Class Picnic will be held May twelfth, at Alum Rock Park.

We were represented in many school activities: in the Glee clubs, in the Scholarship, and the interschool activities. There was a good turn out for Football, Baseball, Basketball, and Track from our class. Coach Grubb ought to be proud of the material that he received from the Sophs.

The girls' Captain Ball Team captured first place in interclass games. They took second place in Basketball by losing to the Junior Team. The Baseball team is practicing hard to take first place in that series.

We wish to thank our class advisors, Mrs. Gordon, Mis Schmidt, Miss Coleman, and Mr. Grubb, for the help that they have given us — WALTER MILOVINA, '30.

SOPHOMORE SONG

Tune: "It Ain't Going to Rain No More."

"I'm just a baby Freshman,
I'm as fresh as I can be"—
We Sophomores said that last year,
But now we rate you see!

CHORUS:
Oh, we ain't going to play no more, no more,
We ain't going to play no more.
Cause we've learned how to study now
So we ain't going to play no more.

We're slyer than the Juniors,
We make Seniors look mild—
Of course there are the Freshmen,
But they are young and wild.

You know we love our studies,
And our books upon the shelves.
But the Freshmen love the Juniors
And the Seniors love themselves.

We are producing lawyers,
And Football heroes new—
If you happen to forget us,
Take a look into "Who's Who."

BETTY CROWELL.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM

Tune: "Yankee Doodle"

Rah! for Mountain View's "Football Team,"
Its men so brave and true—ah!
Who stride forward on to lead
And win for the Gray and Blue. Rah! Rah!

They are a mighty team of strength
That make your heart leap higher
They're aim is always toward clean-play
They're out to win or die. Rah! Rah!

They're handsome, brave, and daring men.
They're healthy, wise, and true—ah!
Working for the school they love,
To uphold the Gray and Blue. Rah! Rah!

BETTY CROWELL.

High Freshmen

AH SURE do think dis here Mountain View Union High done got mos' de schools of dis country beat. One of de ree'sons why is dis new bunch of Freshmen dat dey got las' fall. Wha' take dis here Student Body Night thing and look whe' dees Frosh ranked—wha'h dey was way up in front; an' say, did you done see dat grea' big bonfiah' dat dees here Freshmen built? Wha'h dat's what brat me fro' Louisiana. Ah saw the sky all lit up an' ah tho't ah'd bettah investigate. When ah got ther ah saw Leona Stone givin' sum noisy yell dat went sumpthin' lak dis: "Frosh. R-r-r-ah! R-r-ah!R-r-ah! Frosh!" Later ah heard dat Leona Stone decame a Soph. Ah sure do feel sorry for dos' Freshmen; but Merritt McMahon is fillin' up the vacan space purty well. Dey need a good yell leadah, ah know, cuz ah saw Mark Manlove, Noel Knight, Tom Marshall an' Ray Fellows play.

When ah was walkin' down de hall one day, ah heerd sum music an' ah sure tho't it was de angels comin' fo' me, but ah investigated an' ah foun' a grea' number of Freshmen playin' fiddles an' sum odder high-fluttin' named things. Mistah Campbel tol' me dey was doin' sum purty good wuk, so ah takes it fro' dat dat dey is. But den ah'm sure dis class am specially gifted, cuz dey is Alice Anway, Roberta Bubb, Analee Camp, Jack Chappell, Jean Levin, Fusai Takano, June Glenn, Jean Smith, Thelma McIntyre, Marjorie Reagan, and Jane Riccomi, what made de Scholarship Society, which ah'm told am a powerful select society to get into.

As came in jus' in time to get sum pink lemonade what dey was servin' at der pahty, an' ah jus' got right in wid do's youngsters an' ah played sum mighty fine games. But when ah heer about Friday de 13th comin' along an with it de Freshman Initiation Pahty, ah felt a little shaky up an' down mah spine. An' such a surprise as Ah did get, wha' do's Frosh had mo' fun dan de Sophomores, Juniahs and Seniors put togethah.

Duz' yo know who is de class officahs? Well yo' should of been in de 'ssembly de day Jack Chappell, de presiden' got up an' tol' de Studen' Body what he tho't about de Annual. Ah guess dat's wha' it wen' ovah so big. Alta Millah, vice presiden,' an' Marjorie Chappell, secy. treasurer help run de meetings too.

One aftahnoon ah wasn't doin' nuthin' special an' all of a sudden ah heerd a racket dat was somethin' terrible. Ah grabbed mah hat, cuz ah didn't want to lose it, an' off ah wen' licitty split, lookin' fo' all de world lak Ichabod Crane. When ah reached mah destination, which was de gym, ah stopped an' as dees chilluns say, ah was "all of a bib an tuckah" for der was all de whol' school out der lookin' lak real carpenters an' carpenteresses. Sum of dos Freshmen reached right up to me, an' dey tol' me dat ah mus' sho come dat night an' visit dis Juniah Carnival. Well ah wen' home an' ah put on mah flowin' green silk tie an' ah wore a white carnation in mah button hole. When ah got in de door ah was thundah-struck, cuz wer were a whol' bunch of noise an' collah an—ah—well ah guess yo' all was der. All ah can say now was dat ah had an elegen sufficiency of a good time.—Uncle Rastus.

MOONLIGHT ON THE RIVER

There's a longing in my being, (that to you I'll now confide),
To hear the singing and the splashing of the Indian River tide.
And a scene that now I wish would come before my weary sight,
Is the rippling Indian River on a Florida moonlit night.
When the moon is in the Heavens and the stars are shining bright,
And the sunbeams are no brighter than this mellow golden night,
There's a rustling and a sighing thro' the trees upon the shore
While the night winds whisper secrets to the objects I adore.
A sad and a hunting sweetness thro' the melody abides,
And in the molten silver beauty flow the Indian River tides.
And I wonder as in mem'ry the scene comes back to me,
If the river in the moonlight looks as it used to be.

June Glenn, '31.

NIGHT

The silver moon rides high
Attended by the stars,
A veil of silver gauze
Flung o'er a sapphire sky.

The road, a shining band,
Has wandered o'er the lea,
And at the shining sea
Melts in the silver sand.

June Glenn, '31.

Low Freshmen

BERNICE VINCENT, *President*
ISABEL BORDI, *Vice President*
KAZUE ABBEY, *Secretary*
MARJORIE KAMMERSCHEN, *Treasurer*

WHEN our class of thirty-six came to high school in February the building was not new to all of us. Thirteen of the pupils came over to high school in September to take Algebra. But to the rest high school was new and there were many things to learn. After we had been over here for about two weeks Lucille Kettle and Eunice Mason came from Oakland to join us.

We were lucky in at least one respect; that is that right after we came here the Gym was opened. We are all having great fun in the Gym and are glad that we have such a fine building. At our class meeting we nominated officers. At our next meeting, on March the twelfth, we elected the officers.

When our class came to high school Williamar Leslie, Bernice Vincent, George Ishikawa, Joseph Fifer, and Toshiko Kiyomura came over with honors.

Betty Jane Rich and Bella Silvera are in the beginners and advanced Orchestras. James Sohler is in the advanced Orchestra, and Lowell Kunze is in the Band. We think it is fine that even the "Frosh" have pupils that can play well enough to be in the Orchestra.

On April the thirteenth the Freshmen had their initiation. Some of the boys had to dance and others had to call their pigs. We all had to do funny things which we did good-naturedly, helping to make the party merry. We had a very good time and compliment the Sophomores on their bright ideas.

We are all looking forward to a big picnic in May.

We picked out from the Art Exhibit the picture that we are going to buy and give to the school. The name of it is"Phantom Canyon," painted by Robert Amick. We are all going to work hard to secure enough votes to buy the picture.

James Sohler and Billie McCall are going in for track. James Sohler is also going in for base-ball.

ELINOR PETERSEN.

BABY MEMORIES

Dear little dimpled fingers,
Dear little baby crow,
A little chair at twilight,
With a mother singing low

Downy heads that cuddle,
Nestle warm and sweet,
Little eyelids flutter,
Dewy with gentle sleep.

A dear little baby cooing,
A tiny little nose,
A mouth just made for kissing,
Just like a baby rose.

Each little feature a fortune,
Every dimple a crown.
All new charms discovered,
Only a kingdom found.

Wonderful baby memories,
Of wonderful baby days,
Of only a song at twilight,
And beautiful baby ways.

HAZEL FRANCISCO, '29.

SKY PASTURES

The clouds are sheep.
The sun doth keep
Up in the sky,
When the wind is high,
The silver moon
And gold of noon
With fluting breeze
And mellow keys.
The shepherd's call
Is heard to fall;
The cloudlets leap—
The ans'ring sheep.

JUNE GLENN, '31.

Literary

THE SUPPLIANT

With shaggy boughs uplifted
To the frowning, stormy sky,
Like a beggar old and weary,
One can almost hear his cry.
With the angry winds all tearing
At his old and tattered rags,
He stands and beckons to us,
And shakes his bulky bags.
Just an old, old tree; yet never
Have I seen a sadder sight!
And it often comes and haunts me
In the darkness of the night!
Perhaps the Father made it,
And set it there to be
A lesson to the rich and poor—
That bent and lonely tree!
How many humans have I seen—
My brothers of the sod—
Stand begging by the roadside;
Lifting weary arms to God!

JEAN SMITH, '31

THE PRAYER OF A PRISONER

A rose that grows beside a weary way;
A shaft of sunshine in a dreary day;
A touch of dew upon the emerald grass;
A smile the while for those who, smiling, pass;
A bird song bright, a tiny crimson cloud;
A waxen lily, casting off its shroud;
A sunset flaunting rainbow colors gay;
A scented breath of air at break of day;
A life to live, and then, when I am dead,
A grave whereon the setting sun shines red.
Give but these joys for which I long have sighed,
But these; and then, Lord, I'll be satisfied!

JEAN SMITH, '31.

His Block Letter

"GOOD shot!" called out the coach in commendation to Bob Graham, the forward of the basketball team, who had just shot a pretty goal.

Bob Graham was the sort of fellow who was always commended, it seemed to Floyd Dawns, waiting in line. He himself always seemed to be left out. He was a good student, and a fair athlete, but not good enough to make the first team. It had been that way in his Freshman, Sophomore, and Junior years; and now as a Senior, the coach had placed him only on the second string. He had won many honors in scholarship, but to win an athletic block-letter was his cherished aim. And now, nearing the end of his high-school career, he was no better off in athletics than when he first started trying out as a Frosh!

How monotonous it was watching the others catch, shoot, and pass, catch, shoot, and pass, over and over again!

Now, it was Cameron's turn; next it would be his! His steel-blue eyes glinted, and his jaw squared as it neared his turn. He had been practicing of late, and he felt confident in his aim. Now it was his turn; he would show what was in him!

With a running aim he shot; and the ball dropped neatly into the basket.

"Fine work, Dawns!" the coach cried heartily. Well, at least he had won the commendation of the coach!

Now, the first and second teams were put into action. Floyd played for all he was worth as forward. The practice score ended 18-16, in favor of the first team, and of the sixteen points, Floyd had won eleven.

"Dawns is excelling himself," said the coach to the assistant at his side. "If Graham should tire himself out in the game with Arlington as he did in the last game, I think Dawns would be the best sub to put in his place. The trouble with Dawns, however, is that he doesn't let his head guide his hand; that's what's kept him off the first string in the past!"

The game between Sansbury high and Arlington was the basketball event of the year, and its date was set for the following Friday night. The two schools were great rivals, for they were very evenly matched. In all the years preceding the last one, Sansbury had held the championship; but the championship game of the preceeding year had been won by Arlington, much to Sansbury's chagrin.

This year, Sansbury was all pepped up to beat its opponent. As it neared the date of the game, the atmosphere fairly crackled with enthusiasm, and there was much discussion concerning the players.

"Going to play in the game with Arlington?" an interested school-fellow asked of Floyd.

"I don't know, but, I sure would like to," responded Floyd, a trifle dubiously.

"Well," the other said, "if there was ever one who deserved to play, it's you."

"That's up to the coach," Floyd replied shortly.

"I wonder if I will get a chance to play," said Floyd to himself, as he went home that night. Then again, "Let's see, today's Monday; that gives me four days to practice shooting goals. And, boys I'll become a good forward, or my name isn't Floyd Dawns!"

Every day he practiced unrelentingly, no matter how tired he was, and his vow was being fulfilled. He gained the confidence he lacked, a sure eye, and taught his head to guide his hand. Such improvement as he had accomplished seemed almost impossible!

At last, Friday night had arrived! The gymnasium was ablaze with lights. Beginning with the entering of a few couples, the gym was soon overwhelmingly crowded. From the bench, the grandstand seemed to Floyd a human sea of faces, brightened here and there by the red and white ribbons carried by the school girls. The hum of voices and the yells were stopped at last by the shrill blast of the referee's whistle!

The game had begun! The ball was first at one goal, then at the other. Floyd, watching intently, wanted to be in the contest. Outwardly, he appeared calm enough, but inwardly he was almost praying for a chance to play. The quarter rolled around with an 0-0 score.

A blow of the ref's whistle and the teams were in play again. Graham got the ball, aimed, and Sansbury scored! The Sansbury rooters yelled themselves hoarse; the noise was deafening!

Now it was at Arlington's goal and Arlington scored! A foul on an Arlington player, and Sansbury gained another point. After that Arlington scored twice before Sansbury could make another goal. When the half was called out the score stood 5-10 in favor of Arlington.

While the team was resting in the anti-room the coach went over to the score-keeper. "I believe I'll take Graham out, and put Dawns in his place. I don't know how Dawns 'll play, but Graham certainly can't stand another quarter of this game; he's too tired."

When Floyd came back on the floor, he was met by the coach: "I'm putting you in Graham's place this half, my boy; play your best."

Half dazed, Floyd took his place. He had his chance; now to play his best!

For a few minutes, neither side scored. Then Sansbury's center aimed a long shot, it paused on the rim, then rolled in.

"Fight, team, fight!" roared the grandstand. "Fight, team, fight!"

"We've got six more points to win," thought Floyd. "They've got to be won, for Sansbury must come out of this game victorious!" He no longer thought of self; and now that he was in action, if there was any time to think, he thought of his school's honor.

Now the ball was down at Arlington's goal. The forward aimed, and missed. Floyd, catching the ball, passed it to the other Sansbury forward, who got it down to his goal, and scored!

"Only one more point, and the score will be tied!" thought Floyd, gritting his teeth.

Just as he was about to shoot a goal, the timekeeper called out the quarter.

"Play for all you're worth, boys," called out the coach as the team went back into play. Arlington was full of fight this quarter, and the next Sansbury was won by sheer determination. That put Sansbury one point ahead and the Sansbury rooters went fairly wild!

But Arlington showed they were not to be put down as easily as all that by scoring again, thus putting Arlington one point ahead.

It was now near the end of the game. Floyd knew there would be only a moment more to play, and catching teh ball, he was about to shoot, when he was pushed out of the court by an Arlington man, giving him two free throws.

"Would he make it? Would his head guide his hand?" were the thoughts coursing through his brain. He took his place, picked up the ball and aimed. The grandstand breathless, saw the ball roll around the rim, and drop in. The referee returned the ball to Floyd, who shot another goal, winning the game for Sansbury as the quarter ended.

Indifferent to the deafening 'rahs' in the wake of his winning shot, Floyd saw the coach approaching him.

"Dawns, I never thought it was in you. If I had, you may be sure you would never have been on anything but the first team. But you've proved your worth, and you've won your block-letter!

His block-letter! He hadn't thought of it since he had started playing, for up to now, all he had thought of was to win,—to win for Sansbury. At last his dream of four years had come true; he would get his block-letter!

ELIZABETH LESLIE, '29.

A MESSAGE

The leafy boughs are arched o'erhead as I
My mind all lost in dreaming wander by.
I'm wrapped in sorrow's gloomy cloak, my eyes
Are looking down, not raised to the blushing skies
Where rosy red Aurora comes in view.
Then as the sky melts from the pink to blue,
A lark lets loose its lovely lilting song—
A melody so light, and yet so strong.
The rolling rippling brook takes up the strain,
And speeds the tempo of the bright refrain.
A string within me vibrates to the chord,
My ears are opened to the tune that's poured
From out the throat and lips of nature life,—
A harmony which turns to naught all strife.
I lift my sorrow-darkened eyes to see
The beauty that had held no charm for me.
The beauty I had passed unheeding till
I had been wakened by the lark's bright trill;
And Nature garbed in early morning light
Cast off the shackles of the dismal night,
And I my bonds of grief and deep'ning gloom,
And looked to see the flowers all a-bloom.

MOUNTAIN VIEW
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Mountain View, Calif

Apollo comes behind Aurora's light
To fright away all vestige of the night.
The kindly beams that flicker through the trees
Soon reach my heart and warm it by degrees.
I find a violet ensconced in moss;
Its purple, dewy eye seems at a loss
To solve the entrancing riddle of its life.
Its innocence pierces my heart as a knife.
I wander to the brook now rippling gayly on;
I see a rainbow tint that's here,—and gone.
The lilt of the stream echoes from the hills again,
(The hills that mock the foolish pride of men).
I lift my gladdened eyes to their mighty heights,
Not as I did on those dark and weary nights
When I shuddered in fear on life's way,—afraid to go
On, afraid to go back, and longing to die. But lo!
The cheerful song of the brook is like a breath
Of wholesome air in vaults polluted by death;
And I open my eyes to he message clear and strong
That's borne to resounding hills by the brooklet's song,
"Go on, and do not falter by the way,
And you'll find strength with the dawn of each new day."

HELEN CIVELLI, '28.

THE MAGIC OF THE FROST

Every blade of grass is tipped,
  Into molten silver dipped;
Every flower's nodding cup
  Holds a tiny diamond up;
All the earth glows snowy white
  Where Frost worked magic through the night.

A treasure house each shadowed lane;
  A gallery each window pane;
The roof is etched in silver grey,
  A frame for Cockalorum gay!
The beauty, of old masters lost,
  Restored again by Artist Frost.

JEAN SMITH, '31

Midnight Thrills

"SAY, JOE, do you believe in the Ghost that Aunt Ida is nearly scared to death about?" asked Joe Black of his chum and companion.

"Aw no!" replied John Waters, a boy about fifteen years old of husky build. "You know what the doctor said about her nerves."

"Well, I'll be glad when tonight is over and we can go back to the city," remarked Joe.

"All right, let's turn in, then," answered John.

Both boys climbed the rickety stairs to their respective rooms and promised to wake the other up if any unusual noise was heard.

John and Joe had been chums for many years, and both were strong, fearless lads. So when Joe's Aunt was terribly frightened by ghosts at her charming estate on the Hudson River, both boys obtained permission to look into the matter and decided to spend a night with Aunt Ida. During the day they had ransacked the place in search for the origin of the strange occurrences. As their labors proved in vain, they appeared skeptical to the old lady's story. But as Aunt Ida was a woman that wasn't excited easily, there must be some cause.

Along about one o'clock in the morning Joe was awakened by the most mournful screeches and noises that he had ever heard. Cold sweat was breaking out over his body. Getting out of bed, he ran to John's room, where John also was sitting up in bed.

"Say Joe! What do you think it is?"

"Search me," replied Joe. "Let's be moving and find out."

With teeth chattering they crept up the stairs to the attic where the moans originated. A sound behind caused them to jump, but it was only Aunt Ida, who had awakened also. Finally the attic door was reached. Just as Joe's Aunt started to unlock the door, the most terrible screeches and moans broke forth behind the door. With bodies trembling and teeth chattering the trio retreated.

Finally Joe got the courage to say, "C'mon let's find the bottom of this."

Taking the key from Aunt Ida, Joe advanced to the door and unlocked it.

With hair on end they entered the room, only to meet terrible moans and yells, weirder than before.

In they crept, however, fearing to breathe and flesh quivering. A dark shadow over in the corner caused the trio to jump. Turning on his torch, John found nothing.

"Guess it was only our imagination," he whispered.

Suddenly Joe let out a terrible yell, but his fright, too, proved to be groundless, for in his cautious movements he had bumped against the other two and in the dark had mistaken them for the Ghost. The attic was a big one, and after searching the place, the three were prepared to leave, when screeches and yells worse than before broke forth in the direction of the window.

Turning suddenly in their steps, they saw, up on the window sill, a large black shape with two round, burning yellow spots fiercely glaring in the dark. Again John turned on his electric torch, and to their surprise they saw a large tomcat glowering at them.

"Spring comes tripping in her teens"

"It's funny," remarked Joe, "that we didn't see yonder tommy when we searched the place today."

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Joe's Aunt. "The poor thing must be hungry. This attic has been closed for days."

After locking the door and giving the cat some milk, the small household went back to bed.

"Say Joe. It certainly was exciting while it lasted wasn't it?" asked John as the boys were making themselves comfortable on the train going back to New York.

"It sure was," replied Joe. "Now for home!" TOM MARSHALL, '31.

THE SONG OF THE SEASONS

Spring comes skipping in her teens,
Gay and happy and free,
With debutante dress of velvet green.
She scatters her jewels for all to see;
She gathers her colors from wood and dale;
Her song is that of the birds;
Her song of triumph has never failed
To charm her hearers wherever heard.

Summer comes calmly the world to reign;
With a royal robe of blue she's gowned;
She scatters her treasures along the lane;
Where'er she goes new joys are found.
Her voice is low and throaty and sweet;
Her mood is warm with love;
Her hidden treasures you'll always meet
O'er the path this lady will rove.

Autumn comes sober but rich with gifts;
His colors are gold and brown and red;
He strews his blanket of leaves in drifts;
A crown of goldenrod sits on his head.
His boisterous voice is the wind of the North,
But it calls with a sound entrancing;
It calls to the young and old, "Come forth
And I'll set you as leaves a-dancing!"

Winter comes sternly with a chilling mien;
All nature freezes as he passes near,
But a hidden kindness may be seen,
A touch of beauty, a place of shelter here;
A sparkle of diamonds scattered around.
In pearly white velvet is laid,
Tells of beauty only winter has found
Where the song of winter is played.

HAZEL FRANCISCO, '29.

Reforming Barbara Jean

IT WAS spring. All the many flowers were blooming at the beautiful suburban home of the Drydons.

One evening, at the close of a perfect spring day, Mr. and Mrs. Drydon and their son Stanley were sitting on the piazza, when Stanley brought up the subject of his sister.

Barbara Jean was a trial to the family. She wouldn't go to a public school. She was too good to go on a picnic or play games outdoors with the young pepole who would love to be her friends. Stanley was just the opposite. He hated private schools and had always gone to public schools, where he was very popular and had many friends. Jean (as the family called her) was away at school now.

"Mother," Stanley exclaimed, "what on earth are we going to do with Jean when she comes home for spring vacation? It will be just two days till she will be here. We've got to do something for her."

"Well, dear," his mother replied, "I'm sure I don't know what to do. I wish she would get in and mix with the boys and girls her age and have a good time as you do."

"So do I, and so do all my friends, for they all like her even if she is different. I know what I'll do!" and he was up and into the house before anyone could say a word.

"Now what's up?" questioned his father.

"Goodness knows, Bob, but you know as well as I that it will be something to help his sister," Mrs. Drydon replied.

They could hear Stanley in at the phone. Soon he appeared with a satisfied look on his face. "Ive called up all my best friends and they're coming right out. I'm going to tell them what's what and outline my plan to them, that is if you don't care. See what you think of it. I don't know much about girls, but I know enough to think it would work. I was thinking we could have a house party for Jean and invite Dorothy and Beth, and have Cousin Joyce come down. She is always so much fun. Don't you think it would be all right?"

"I think that would be a splendid plan, Stanley," his mother said. "I'm perfectly willing to do my part."

"Then," he went on, "we could get Jack, Russel, and Bill, and the eight of us could go on picnics, play tennis, go rowing on the lake, and do all kinds of things. Even if Jean doesn't like it at first, she's bound to like it with such a jolly bunch."

Mr. and Mrs. Drydon both heartily approved of the scheme, and so there was nothing to do but wait for the girls and boys to arrive. When they had come Stanley outlined the plan to his freinds. They were all very enthusiastic and with the help of Mr. and Mrs. Drydon they made plans for a wonderful time.

The girls and boys could hardly wait till Jean would be home. They all went down to the train to meet her, and she was very much surprised, and not so pleasantly, when her mother told her that Joyce, Beth, and Dorothy were to be her guests during the vacation. Her mother told her that, thinking she might be lonesome for her

school friends she had invited these girls to keep her company. Jean received her guests very formally and coldly, but knowing what to expect, they didn't let on.

Stanley had a picnic planned for the next day, to which he had invited a few more of his friends. One boy, named Lowell, and his sister, Emily, were very poor and didn't have fine clothes like the rest. Jean was very cold to them, and so hurt their feelings dreadfully. At their picnic they played games and had a wonderful time, but Jean would do hardly anything. She was horrid.

For three or four days Jean was just as bad as ever. One evening the girls were all alone when Joyce started the conversation.

"Jean," she asked quietly, "do you realize how badly you hurt Emily and Lowell the other day?"

"What if I did?" Jean replied hotly. "I don't want to associate with that kind of people."

With that the girls started a very heated discussion. In brief, they told Jean just how she, who was so careful of making a good impression, appeared to her friends. When Jean went to bed she was very angry and felt very badly.

After the girls had talked to Jean, they were sorry they had done it and went to Mrs. Drydon about it, but she only said, "Well, girls, perhaps you were a bit too hasty, but I think it will do her good."

The next morning Jean did not appear at breakfast. They waited a few minutes; then ate without her. Mrs. Drydon excused herself and left the room. When the girls again went usptairs, they could hear Mrs. Drydon's quiet voice and Jean's stormy protest, but did not know what was being said.

Joyce, Beth, and Dorothy went out to play tennis with Stanley and had a fine time. After they had been playing about an hour, they saw Jean coming. She looked both ashamed and happy. They all greeted her cheerfully asking her to come and play with them, but she declined graciously.

Then she said, "Friends, I want to apologize. First I want to thank you girls for talking to me the way you did last night. That and a good talk with Mother made me see how foolish I've been. I'm ashamed of myself for the way I treated you girls. Please forgive me, and I thank you for helping me find myself."

Stanley and the girls were very, very happy. A few minutes later they saw Jean go to the garage after the car. They all ran over and wanted to know where she was going.

The rest of the vacation was filled full of many never-to-be-forgotten times for Jean.

The last night of vacation Jean had a big party, and all Stanley's friends were invited. It was a huge success and Jean made many friends.

When she finally went back to school she said happily, "Next year I won't have to go away, for I am going to school right here. Aren't we going to have fun?"

They all readily agreed with her and as the train pulled out she cried, "Good-bye till summer!"

ROBERTA BUBB, '31.

Hobo Day

Bill Bratte and Herbert Spencer
By the "Hava" Hat they swore
That the fame of this year's Hobo Day
Should last forevermore.
With the aid of Moore and Dunham,
As hist'ry will relate
They drafted out a list, they say,
Of things to wear, and do, and play,
Upon that gala date

The things we wore, and said, and did
Upon that festive day
Would have put us all in Agnew—
If we'd been up that way.
And many a ruined derby
And shirts of brown and gray
Were dragged out of the ash can
To grace our holiday.

Herb Hart displayed a costume
That nearly knocked us down—
The kind the boys in 1901
Would sport around the town.
Were made of clothesline rope
And Bill Bratte's new suspenders
And Thuesen had a pair of pants
That surely were the dope.

"Doc" Glyer wore a monocle.
(It's quite the thing old top!)
He led the big parade down town
Just like a traffic cop.
The Laughlins had red noses
Of Sherwin-Williams paint,
And Darnell donned a woman's hat—
The whole bunch sure looked quaint!

Steve Carkeek's gorgeous overcoat
Was well admired by all,
And "Cutie" Kunze's scarlet shirt
Went glaring down the hall.
The girls all thought us crazy,
The townfolk thought us mad,
But we all thought the day worth while
With all the fun we had!

Then after school the Seniors,
And Sophs won the event.
This hardly pleased the other teams
But left *them* quite content.
So now I'll end this poem
(I guess I wrote enough)
I'm almost 'shamed to sign my name
'Cause this is awful stuff!

RAY ALFORD, '29.

ALONE AT THE SEA SHORE

The bright rays of golden twilight
Shone over the blue dark sea;
The earth was covered with wings of night,
Yet, I moved not, from the side of the roaring sea,
But dreamt of my friend who from me was gone.

The strong north wind did fiercely blow,
And ghost-like waves were dashing
Against the shore, against the foe:
They broke and kept on lashing,
Though I swooned and still dreamt on.

The passenger's ship was calmly sailed
With waking air of the silent night;
The black, gloomy smoke, like a heavy pall,
Rising slowly, heavily over the cabins bright;
Still I dreamt of my friend who from me was gone.

KAZUE ABBEY, '32.

POPPIES

They are bits of golden sunshine
In the emerald of the hill,
Where the woodland fairies often dine
By a bubbling crystal rill.

When the daylight comes to closing
Then the poppies nod their heads,
And the honeybees are dozing
While each creature's in his bed.

In the East the dawn is breaking
And the poppies seem to say,
"Now that everyone is waking
Do the best you can today."

JUNE GLENN, '31.

BLOSSOMS

Oh, Sunny Banks of Springtime Snow,
Why is it that you had to go?
Your subtle odor in the breeze—
The senses of each one to please—
That odor on the breeze is not
Unlike a mystic incense pot.
You blossom out in dazzling white
Like snow that drifts down over night.
Then, when the year is past the dawn,
The lovely blossom snow is gone.

JUNE GLENN, '31.

DARK WATERS

Dark Waters, softly sliding,
Dark Waters, secrets hiding
As you're rushing to the sea,
Tell your secrets all to me.
Dark Waters, now you're slowing;
Dark Waters, gently flowing
When you're gliding fast and free
Tell your secrets all to me.
Great River, onward rushing,
Great River, all sounds hushing,
Tell your secrets to the sea
That you won't reveal to me.

JUNE GLENN, '31.

The Dramatist

HUGH LORING was on the 5:15 bound for home after a long, hard day. Home his home, was a fairly spacious type of Spanish home, about forty miles out of San Francisco. It was fall, and the maple leaves covered the ground about the house. The children would come to meet him in the car; their cheeks would be rosy, and they would be eager to tell him some new tale of the day's happenings. He smiled as he thought of it, and took pride in that smile. He liked to think that he was a loving father and husband, and that his children confided in him and loved him. He wanted the world to think so too. But his smile faded as he thought of the ride home. He did hope that they would not make too much noise. One can hardly think in a houseful of kids,—he checked himself—he must not get impatient with the children. He was a good father. But then, he had such fine sensibilities that little things bothered him. He was not like other men, he thought; noises and disturbances grated on his nerves. He *was* a good father, but he was highly strung. With his conscience thus eased, he let his mind wander on to the happenings of the day. Tomorrow he must have another talk with Jones. The expenses in his department——

"Here we are! Here we are! Papa's brought some candy, mother!" It was the kiddies, gaily shouting as they entered the door with their father. Hugh winced as their shrill voices pierced his ears, but quickly covered it with a smile.

"How are you, dear? Are you feeling all right? What's new?" He kissed his wife and hardly waited for her answer. And so the evening began. Towards the end of dinner, Mrs. Loring asked, "What's new at the office, Hugh?"

Hugh laid down his knife and fork. "I think you're wrong about Jackson, dear. He has turned out to be my right-hand man. You were a little prejudiced, I think."

"You may be right; I'm glad if he is a help to you, but take my advice and don't trust him too far. He cut Lawson's throat, and he'll do the same to you if you're not careful.' '

Just then Elizabeth cut in. "Mother, John Andrews asked me to the Boy Scouts' dance. His mother will take us in her car, and there will be lots of other mothers there, too." This last was said with an anxious glance in her father's direction. "May I go?"

"Who is John Andrews, Elizabeth? Anyone I've met?" Hugh asked.

"Yes, daddy, you've seen him lots of times. He's been over here very often. You must know him. He's short, with light hair, and he's about fourteen."

"He's a year older than you? Well, I don't think you ought to be going out with boys older than yourself. You're too young to go to a dance with a boy anyhow, Elizabeth. Wait awhile." And Hugh turned to his dessert with the air of one who had settled the affairs of the world finally and forever. Barbara Loring groaned inwardly.

"Posing again as the ever-watchful and careful father!" was her thought. Why must Hugh dramatize every incident and ruin their pleasures and his too? Her mind wandered back to the days when his posing had been Hugh's greatest attraction. He had ensnared her heart by his capable air of having the world by the tail. He had been glamorous in her eyes then.

Elizabeth was speaking again. "Oh, please; mother doesn't mind, papa, I'm sure.

Do you, dear? His mother is going to take us, and he's not quite a year older than I am, anyway. I'll be fourteen in October,—only a month away."

"Hugh, I don't see any reason why Elizabeth can't go to the dance. I know John, and he's a lovely boy. His mother is a nice woman, too. I can trust Elizabeth with her at any time. Besides I have already given my permission to Elizabeth to go to that dance. You may go, Elizabeth. Daddy and I will talk about it later."

They did talk about it later, with the result that Elizabeth went to the dance. Hugh was not going to ruin her children's good times, simply because he was selfish and would not take the trouble to understand. He *was* selfish, Barbara decided, putting his love of posing ahead of doing his actual duty as a father. Wasn't it a part of his duty to try to understand his children, and try to make them happy?

A few weeks later, Mr. Loring came home and announced to his wife, "War has been declared, dear, and I am going. I must do my duty."

"But, Hugh! Oh, you haven't been drafted? They can't draft you! you're over forty, and you have a wife, and children——"

"No, they haven't drafted me, but I feel that it is my solemn duty to fight for my country. My country needs me, and I must heed her call."

"But you have a solemn duty to your family, Hugh. What will happen to us if you—if you don't come back?"

"That has been already cared for, dear. I have put my money in trust, so that you will be safe—if I don't come back."

The last few words were said with such a peculiar inflection that Mrs. Loring raised her head quickly.

"What do you mean, Hugh? Won't we be safe if you do come back? Will you still have your position, or the one you were to get in a few months?"

Hugh shook his head. "Jackson *has* looked out for himself, dear. He will have it. I just got notice today that my salary will be decreased and that I will have another position. It is an unnecessary one, and that is the beginning of the end. I would soon be out of a position if I stayed."

Mrs. Loring murmured, "But if you don't come back? Oh, Hugh, if you don't!"

"You will always remember me, dear, and know that I died fighting for my country."

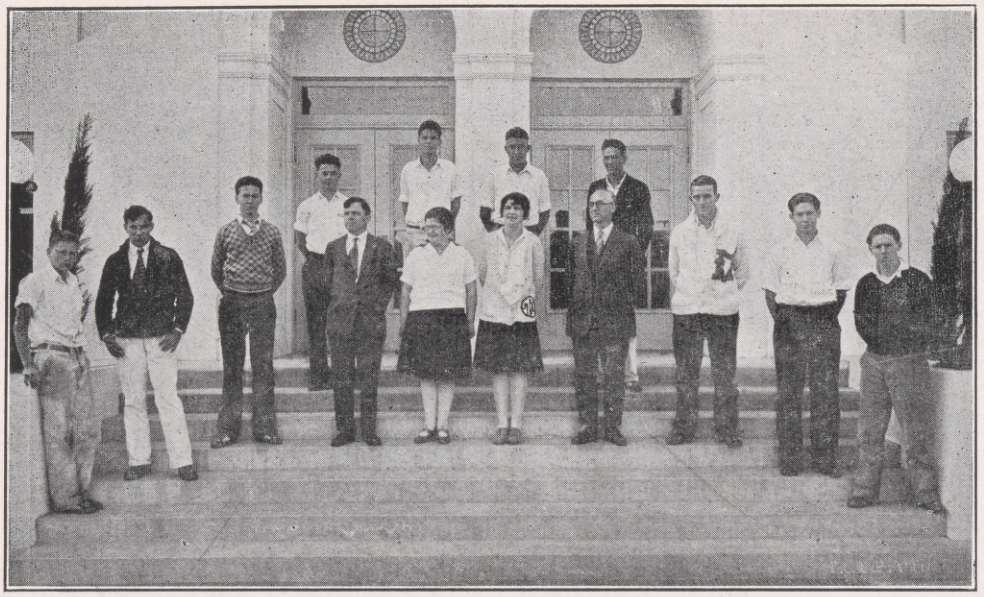
All was turmoil in the house that night. Neighbors who had heard came over to sympathize. "It will be so hard for Hugh; he is so highly-strung." "The war will get on his nerves." "He has such delicate sensibilities, I shudder when I think of what the war will do to him." These were all comments that were made to Barbara and to each other that night.

Hugh sat quietly in the drawing room accepting the homage and enjoying himself immensely.

"He's happy," thought Barbara. She knew she should be glad for that, but somehow there was a bitterness in her heart. It wasn't fair! Hugh was not suffering; yet he was getting all the sympathy.

The farewell between Hugh and Barbara was a truly touching one. Hugh, with all his selffishness, loved Barbara dearly, and though his wife saw his faults, she was woman and noble enough to realize that we are all human. (Continued on page 85)

Organization



Student Body

THE STUDENT BODY was re-organized last spring under a new constitution. The Executive Council has taken, under this Constitution, the place of the Governing Board with a few changes of representation. At the beginning of the year the members of the Executive Council were the officers of the Student Body and President of each class.

Later when it became known that the Student Body would publish the "Blue and Gray" for this year, three new members were added to the Executive Council, Horace Laughlin, Editor-in-chief; Helen Civelli, Assistant-Editor; and William Laughlin, Business Manager.

The work of the Executive Council has consisted largely of taking charge of the financial problems of the Student Body.

"Student Body Night" in which the classes and organizations participated was held under the auspices of the Student Body.

The Student Body donated one hundred dollars toward the "Blue and Gray" and also helped toward purchasing athletic equipment.

A committee selected from the Student Body, assisted by a faculty member, arranged the Thursday assemblies, which the students greatly appreciated.

Those on the Executive Council are:

CLARK ELLSWORTH, *President*
BUD MOCKBEE, *Vice President*
JOHN THUESEN, *Mgr. Boys Athletics, Junior President*
CLAIRE JELAVICH, *Mgr. Girls' Athletics*
HERBERT MOORE, *Sergeant at Arms*
ELMER ELLSWORTH, *Sophomore President*
JACK CHAPPELL, *Freshman President*
PERRY MCPHEETERS, *Treasurer*
HORACE LAUGHLIN, *Editor-in-Chief*
HELEN CIVELLI, *Assistant Editor*
WILLIAM LAUGHLIN, *Business Manager*
JOHN LAZNIBAT, *Secretary*

Girls' League

EVELYN NIELSEN, *President* — EVELYN CLARK, *Vice President*
JEAN LEVIN, *Secretary* — ALICE CAREY, *Treasurer*

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE under their capable officers have carried on the good work of previous years in the best possible manner. Alice Carey and Evelyn Nielsen were elected to go to Sequoia to the annual conference with Miss Schmidt. A very interesting time was reported.

At Christmas time, the Girls' League had charge of the sale of seals for the P. T.-A. They also assisted in gathering gifts at the time of the Christmas Pageant.

A new standing committee—the Friendly Committee—has done fine work this year under Elizabeth Leslie's leadership. The Program Committee under Doris Awalt has provided varied programs for the meetings, and has begun a file of entertainment possibilities for use of future program committees, who, it is hoped, will keep the file up to date every year.

On the 23rd of March we held our jinx in the new gym. The social committee is to be commended for the good time they prepared for the girls. As part of the fun, the Seniors, Juniors, and about twenty Sophomores came as "boys," having invited the Freshmen and other Sophomores as partners.

The Girls' League has made a change in the banquet for athletic boys, a change made necessary by lack of funds and the desire of the girls in athletics to be a part of the number. The Boys' and Girls' Block Societies will in the future foster this athletic event of the spring.

At our last meeting, in May, Mrs. McKibben gave the girls a most interesting talk on "The History of Dress."

The Girls' League wish to thank their advisor, Miss Schmidt, for her kindly advice, and efforts in behalf of the girls during this school year.

CONSTANCE KUNZE, '30.

Boys' League

OCTOBER the 17th, the Boys' League meeting was held, in which the boys started off with a boom by organizing and selecting a committee to put over the Annual Football Rally and Bonfire to be held the night before the big game, namely the Mountain View-Fremont game.

The next undertaking of the boys was an entertainment put on in Assembly. The splendid willingness and co-operation of the boys made this entertainment a roaring success.

However, the big thing of the year was our "Hobo-day," in which we all participated. Many a boy lost the shirt off his back in the contests of the day, but each fellow probably remembered the saying, "Such is life," for no one crabbed or complained; and so our "Hobo Day" was a "ripping" success.

In selecting the officers for the League for next year, the boys decided to add a vice-president, and a sergeant-at-arms to the list of officers, now a president and a secretary. The boys are looking forward to a good year in 1928-1929.

Hi-Y

EARLY in October the Hi-Y boys held their first meeting of the year in the High School Cafeteria, with an attendance of about twenty boys. The officers of the year were elected: President, John Thuesen; Vice President, Lewis Dunham; Secretary, Herbert Moore; Treasurer, Jack Kawamoto; Advisor, Mr. Aitken.

At the third regular meeting a membership campaign was started, and inside of two weeks membership had climbed to over thirty.

Our services to other organizations have consisted of selling tickets and cleaning house for the high school and other benefit programs, helping the Woman's Club at Christmas. Our Assembly Program, "Bimbo the Pirate," was our one exhibit to the Student Body of our dramatic talent, which proved to be much appreciated.

We enjoyed several feeds and weenie roasts during the year and also attended a very interesting talk by "Will" Chandler of San Jose.

The yearly Banquet with the Campfire girls for the Mothers and Fathers and San Jose Hi-Y Council was a great success. At this President Thuesen told of our accomplishments during the year. All in all we have had a very successful and enjoyable meetings and hope to make next year's as good or better.

Boys' Block Society

HERBERT SPENCER, *President* JOHN LAZNIBAT, *Vice President*

JACK KAWAMOTO, *Secretary-Treasurer*

ON FEBRUARY 1, 1928, our first meeting was held; there were about eleven members present. Mr. Grubb was selected as our Faculty Advisor. Owing to the fact that the organization is new, we could not accomplish much. Some things we did accomplish were to collect admissions at the basket ball games, hang pictures for the art exhibit in our gym, move chairs for banquets, and clean up after the Junior Carnival and other affairs.

Because of our great athletic success this year, we now have a membership of over forty. We hope to have even more success next year than we had this year.

BOYS' LEAGUE OFFICERS BLOCK BOYS HI-Y

Campfire Girls

Mrs. M. D. Aitken, *Guardian* — Ellen Beck, *Vice President*
Iolande Sciarini, *President* — Lillian Beck, *Secretary-Treasurer*
Elda Frederickson, *Scribe*

THIS YEAR we have had a small but extremely active group of enthusiastic girls. Our meetings have been held in the High School Cafeteria, Monday afternoons, which makes it very easy for all to attend.

Again this year we had fortune-telling booths at the Junior Carnival and tried to impart to our clients an excellent summary of past, present, and future. Last fall our assembly program was composed of songs, speeches, and demonstrations on the building of camp fires.

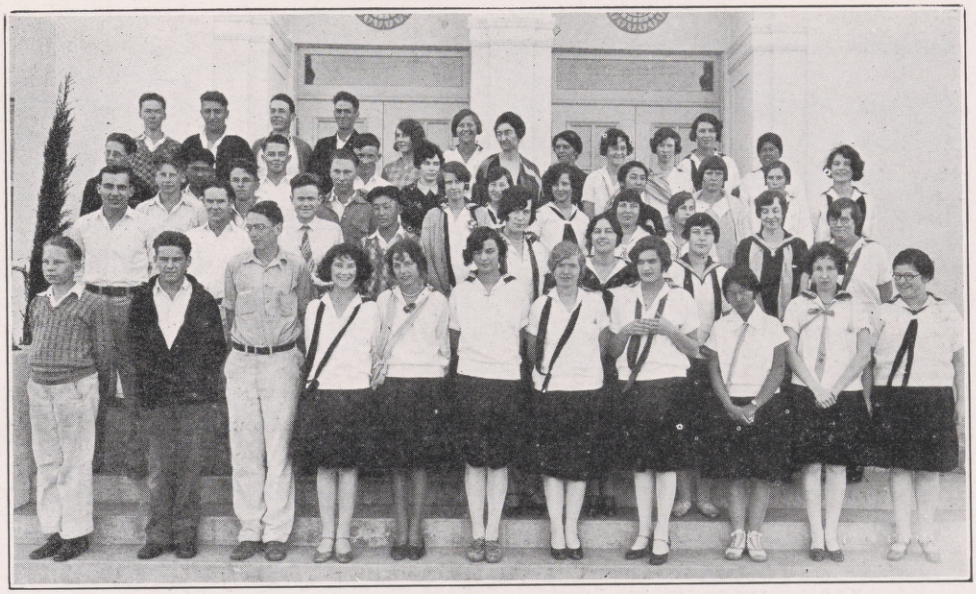
Everyone on this Wita Group won the National Birthday Honor this March for the making and donating to a relief society, of a set of clothes for a small child.

Parties and hikes have been numerous, our latest item being a hike, bon-fire, and outdoor-prepared meal. The main event of the whole year, however, was the Camp Fire-Hi-Y Banquet held on April 20th. Constance Kunze and Lillian Beck represented us on the joint program.

AUTUMN DAYS

Have you ever tramped the hills on an Autumn-Winter day
When the golden sun is sinking in the West?
Have you ever thought that thro' the world you'd really like to stray
With none to tell you when to stop or rest?
When the sunny skies are shining with a blue that's pure and clear,
Have you ever wished 'neath other skies to roam
Until their scenes would be almost, tho never quite, as dear
As those that are much closer to your home?
Oh, it is nice to tramp the hills in spring and summer, too,
When the air is soft and balmy, warm and dry;
But the very best of times is in the Autumn, so let's do,
When the sun is shining golden from the sky,
For the air is sharp and snappy, puts vigor in your step,
And a glow and sparkle in your cheeks and eyes,
Then you're feeling gay and joyous and you're brimming full of pep,
Away, dull Cares and Woes with tear and sighs!
For the Autumn days are calling, there's a fever in your blood
That urges you to up and far away,
Go cross the widest valley and wade the deepest flood,
To tramp the hills on an autumnal day.

June Glenn, '31.



Scholarship Society

EVELYN CLARK, *President*
ELDA FREDERICKSON, *Vice-President*
IRENE MALATESTA, *Secretary*
RICHARD MASTIN, *Treasurer*
ELFRIEDE KONIG, *Historian*
MISS COLEMAN, *Advisor*
MISS SCHMIDT, *Assistant Advisor*

THE SECOND year of activity of the Scholarship Society as an organization has strengthened it greatly in relation to the Student Body.

The year's social events began in October with an afternoon party to welcome thirteen honorable Freshmen who attained distinction back in grammar school!

An Old English Fable, dramatized by Elizabeth Leslie, formed the Prelude to our first program given in Assembly. Whoever has experienced that immediately-after-Christmas-and-before-January-pay-day depression of the pocketbook can never forget the frantic resourcefulness which Lloyd Edwards and Elfriede Konig, as Mr. and Mrs. Davidson, put forth to prevent the human seltzer bottle Jones, alias Melvin McIntyre, from collecting those awful "Bills." The shadow tragedy, "Driggs and His Double," was the curtain raiser for the auditorium program of the Junior Carnival, our second dramatic appearance.

The most anticipated event of all was our second annual banquet March 16th, in the form of evening's Cruise of the Scholarship Craft." Led by the Ship's Trumpeter, Charles Bubb, on a grand Promenade down the gang plank to the banquet room gay with flowers, balloons, and lifesavers, and lighted only by the ship's lanterns and candles of St. Patrick. From the first "Cheerie Oho and Ship Ahoy!" by the Captain-President Evelyn Clark to the hearty "Fall to and eat!" by the Master of Ceremonies, Clark Ellsworth, and the final fling of the Sailor's Hornpipe, the Captain's Dinner party was gay indeed. This was the formal yet highly entertaining program:

Promonade.....Led by Ship's Trumpeter
Invocation.....By Ship's Chaplain
Rev. J. McIntyre
A Salute....Ship's Captain, Evelyn Clark
Station C. S. F. .....Alfred Fanucci
Visit of Father Neptune, Clark Ellsworth
Selections .....Ship's Belles
Concert .....Ship's Orchestra
Led by Chief Campbell
Promotion Awards .....Ship's Pilot
Miss Coleman

Trumpet Solo .....Ship's Trumpeter
Charles Bubb
Song ..... Scholarship
Poem .....Ship's Poetess, Jean Smith
Solo .....Ship's Captain, Evelyn Clark
Readings ..... Ship's Gobs
June Glenn, Jane Riccomi, Lois Levin
Reading .....By an Ensign
Elda Frederickson
Hornpipe .....2 Ensigns and a Gob
Keith Kunze, Owens Minton, Jack Chappell

Virginia Camp, Irene Malatesta, Melvin McIntyre, and Itsume Kawamoto so completed their high school career and cruised so long on the Scholar Ship that they, as Seniors, were presented with life-membership pins.

The Student C. S. F. held its annual spring meeting in Sacramento April 28th, to which Miss Coleman, Elda Frederickson, Elizabeth Leslie, Evelyn Clark, Keith Kunze, Owens Minton, Jack Chappell, Jane Riccomi, June Glenn, and Alice Anway were delegates. Mrs. Minton and Mr. Anway accompanied the party.

ELDA FREDERICKSON, '29.

AMERICA

Where the mountains lift a snowy crest
They're mirrored on the lake's smooth breast,
Where on the plains ran buffalo
The forest sheltered stag and doe,
Where breath of Liberty blows free
Across the land from sea to sea,
The mighty voice of Freedom rings
With happy heart each freeman sings.
Here's bluest skies and fairest flowers
And days are spent in pleasant hours.
Far in the East at break of day
The Pilgrim Fathers found the way,
And on the plains of Texas here
Roamed Indian bucks and longhorn steers.
Away out in the Golden West
Was first the Spaniards' great Conquest,
And all are bound with Brotherhood,
As each for all has shed much blood.
And over all the contnient
Is spread a mantle of content
In America!

JUNE GLENN, '31.

Honor Roll 1927-1928

VIRGINIA CAMP, '28

HELEN CIVELLI, '28

IRENE MALATESTA, '28

MELVIN McINTYRE, '28

MILDRED NEWBY, '28 (Midyear)

EVELYN CLARK, '29

ELDA FREDERICKSON, '29

ELIZABETH LESLIE, 29

RICHARD MASTIN, '29

LILLIAN BECK, '30

CHARLES BUBB, '30

ELFRIEDE KONIG, '30

DORIS VOGEL, '30

ANALEE CAMP, '31

JACK CHAPPELL, '31

JUNE GLENN, '31

JANE RICCOMI, '31

FUSAI TAKANO, '31

WILLIAMAR LESLIE, '32 (Midyear)

OPPORTUNITY

Opportunity come quickly and quickly departs
Hold fast to her offer when given;
For she coaxes not, impatient is she,
Opportunity has never been driven.
She holds forth her gifts to be taken
In the values she holds in her palm;
Do not demerit her riches, for their value
Once offered and spurred are gone.
So welcome opportunity's visit
And sleep not with her presence near;
Independent this Goddess of Fortune,
For not often does she appear.

HAZEL FRANCISCO, '29.

A Senior's Letter

Mountain View Hi Skool
June 14, 1928

Dere frend Bob:

In yore last letter you was saying as how you wanted me to rite you a long letter on wat we did in skool this last term. Well, here goes.

Skool opened on the 19th of Sept. with many strange faces to bee seen in the halls. We held are class elecshuns the same day.

You no Mr. Tait, from the locle fire dept. He come down to skool and gave us a talk on fire prevenshun.

Wun day in asembly the guys that went out for football gave us a demonstrashun on how they do it out on the feeld.

Ha, ha! The freshmen had to make a big bon fire for us in Oct. before the big football game with Fremont to be plaid the next day. We all had a hot time.

Sumbody anounced in asembly as how porky Parnow, you remember Porky doncha?, was elected football capt.

We went to asembly won day and here's Baroness De Ropp, from rusia speek on "wy i love America."

i went to skool won nite and had a good time. Each class gave a play or sumthing and all were very good, but Doc Aiken had a bunch of boys, hi-y, i guess, who sang sum butiful songs. They took the cake.

At wun of the asemblies (this is still in Oct.) Rev. Burley spoke on "taking Responsibilities."

At haloween the jrs. gave the Seniors a spooky party. About fore (4) girls fainted wen Mr. Aitken told a spook story.

We went to asembly won day in November and saw a good moving picture on the life of Edison.

Can you beleeve it? The skolarship Society guys droped there dignified looks and enjoyed an afternoon frolic.

Along comes Armistice Day and we have a holiday. It wasn't much fun for me because i had to work.

Femember Bill Laughlin? Well, he was apointed yell leader in Harry Loomises place, who rezined. Ray Alford is asst.

Thanksgiving finally arives and i darned near et up a hole turkey i wish i hadent now.

The cooking gir's tried to kill off a bunch of our parents and teachers won day by preparing a meel for them.

A bunch of boys and girls who have won blocks in athletics organized and elected their officers.

Mr. Tait visited us again in Dec. but this time he brought his sootcase with him. It looked like he was going to spend the night at school. He gets up on the stage and gives us a talk on "artificial Respiration" (whatever that is). Pretty soon he opens up the sootcase and it looks like he was a hardware salesman. Well sir, he makes Ray Alford and Bud Mockbee (Bud is a fireman) get up on the stage, and he has Bud take the bad air outa Ray and put in sum good air with the machine in his sootcase. Ray is supposed to be drowned. I guess he had water on his brane.

Well, wun day the seniors cum to skool all dressed up like hobos. Gee they were awful We had another movy. It was "a Christmas Carol." I dident like it as well as the cowboy picture I seen the nite before down town.

Oh yes, are Senior wrings arived and you oughta bin there. I never herd so many ohs and ahs and ain't they adorables in my life. It was funy how quick the wrings semed to apear on the hands of sum of the lower class girls when they belonged to seniors.

Wun day the girls all pile in the bus and go to San Jose to a play day. They wouldent let me go so I don't no if they coped any of the prizes or not.

Sum important looking fello cums up from Stanford tords the midel of the month and tells us hod to be a sucess. The way he said it, is don't want to be a sucess cause its to hard. Semester cums along. Sum of the kids in the halls, the new freshmen I meen, looks like migets.

Dr. Aurelia Rinehart, frum Mills College, talked on "Thinking yuth." im not going to her skool.

You no that weve been wating a long time for a jim. Well we got it! It has hot showers and a swimming pool. Hot dowg.

Oh wat a skool! The sophs have the first class party in the jim.

Quite an important thing hapened on my birthday. The jrs. had there Carnival.

The faculty said as how we weren't going to have any vacashun on Washington's berthday, and then they turns around and gives us a half day anyway.

The jrs. had a party in the jim. Its about time us Seniors had wun to.

A bunch of the Seniors got together on March 8 and gave a play called "the Patsy."" Gee, ti made me laff.

The skolarship society had a banquet i dident go so i don't no much about it.

The girls had sumpthing they called the girl's jinx. o dident go to it either.

Whoopee! We go seven (7) hole days of vacashun rite in the beginin of April.

The freshmen got inishiated. i guess i don't have to say much about that.

The guys thats making the anual gave a dance in the jim wun nite. It was prety good. The hi-y boys and campfire girls had a banquet. They said as how they had a good time and plenty to eat.

The P. T. A. mothers gave a dance. i wus there. Mr. Campbell, the music teacher, had a good time. His wife wasn't there.

Gee, Bob, you awt to have bin to skool for are hobo day. They wuz every tipe of hobo as you mite see from Stockton to Sunnyvale. The Seniors and sophs wun everything. The Seniors had a party on May Day, I shure enjoyed it.

You no, im in the fisics class. Well, we planned and planned, and finally we takes the rest of the skool by the hand and goes to Mt. Hamilton to see the stars.

We got a holiday on Memorial day. I guess the teachers thot we needed a rest before the final exams.

The Seniors has the hole show in June. First cames Seniors Class nite, next jr.-Senior picnic, and then backaloreate. Then cums the p. t. a.-Senior party, and then commencement. Gee Bob, i wus shure shaky wen i was on the stage trying to graduate.

Now im an alumini and well-egecated so i guess i awt to look for a job.

Yore frend, PERRY MCPHEETERS.

Alumni

Palladia

ON THE evening of May 21, 1927, seven alumni of the Mountain View High School met to form the club which was a week later named the Palladia. Those members were George Jagels, elected chairman, George Bolitho, vice chairman, Fannie Sutfin, first secretary, Harry Wickliffe, second secretary, Francis Maccono, Robert Awalt, and Frank Holden.

The purpose of Palladia is to further independent, intelligent, constructive thinking and expression. It is to be understood that Palladia is not a stricktly alumni organization, though at the present time, the members are chiefly alumni.

The most important event of the year fof Palladia was the presentation of Rachel Crothers' comedy, "Expressing Willie," at the High School, April 12, 1928. Half of the net proceeds was donated to the building fund of the St. Joseph's Church.

The present officers are:

GEORGE BOLITHO, *Chairman* — FANNIE SUTFIN, *First Secretary*
GEORGE JAGELS, *Vice Chairman* — FRANCIS MACCONO, *Second Secretary*

The organization has now grown to a membership of sixteen, all active, and all interested in furthering the ideals of Palladia. FANNIE SUTFIN, '26, *1st Sec.*

Class of '27

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Changes made by Alumni after compilation of these notes could not be recorded.)

Claire Dale is now attending San Jose State Teachers' College together with other Mountain View Hi Alumni, among whom are Dolores Collett and Verna Frederickson.

Dante Berta is working in the old town.

Leon Scharman and Nolan Rachford are improving their intellect at Stanford

Bill Rice is home from a sojourn in Vallejo.

Patricia Awalt is bookkeeper in Hartley's Hardware Store.

Fred Chappell has allied himself with the Bank of Italy here.

Don Pihl, Ted Henderson, Edison French, Bob "Muddy" Brinton, and Douglas Chick are all part of the Mountain View delegations at San Jose State.

Kate Ehrhorn is attending Business College in Visalia.

Chester Maccono is working in Yosemite. Grace O'dell is in Los Angeles.

Helen Norman is taking a nurse's course at the U. C. Hospital in San Francisco.

Jane Woodworth, Muriel Clark, Phyllis Wohlheter and Alice Manlove are attending San Jose State. Frances Trimble is attending Heald's in San Jose.

Milton Potter is working in the big "City by the Golden Gate."

Henry Kiyomura is rooting for the "Blue and Gold" of California.

Iva Jelavich is training to be a nurse at San Jose.

Lawrence Anderson is seen about town occasionally.

Roy Abbey is in Santa Barbara. Ruth Lowmiller is at home just now.

Edwina Mead is working in San Francisco. Edwin Beardslee is in Ventura, Calif.

Marion Spaan is attending Pomona College at Redlands.

James Bakotich is earning his daily bread in San Francsico.

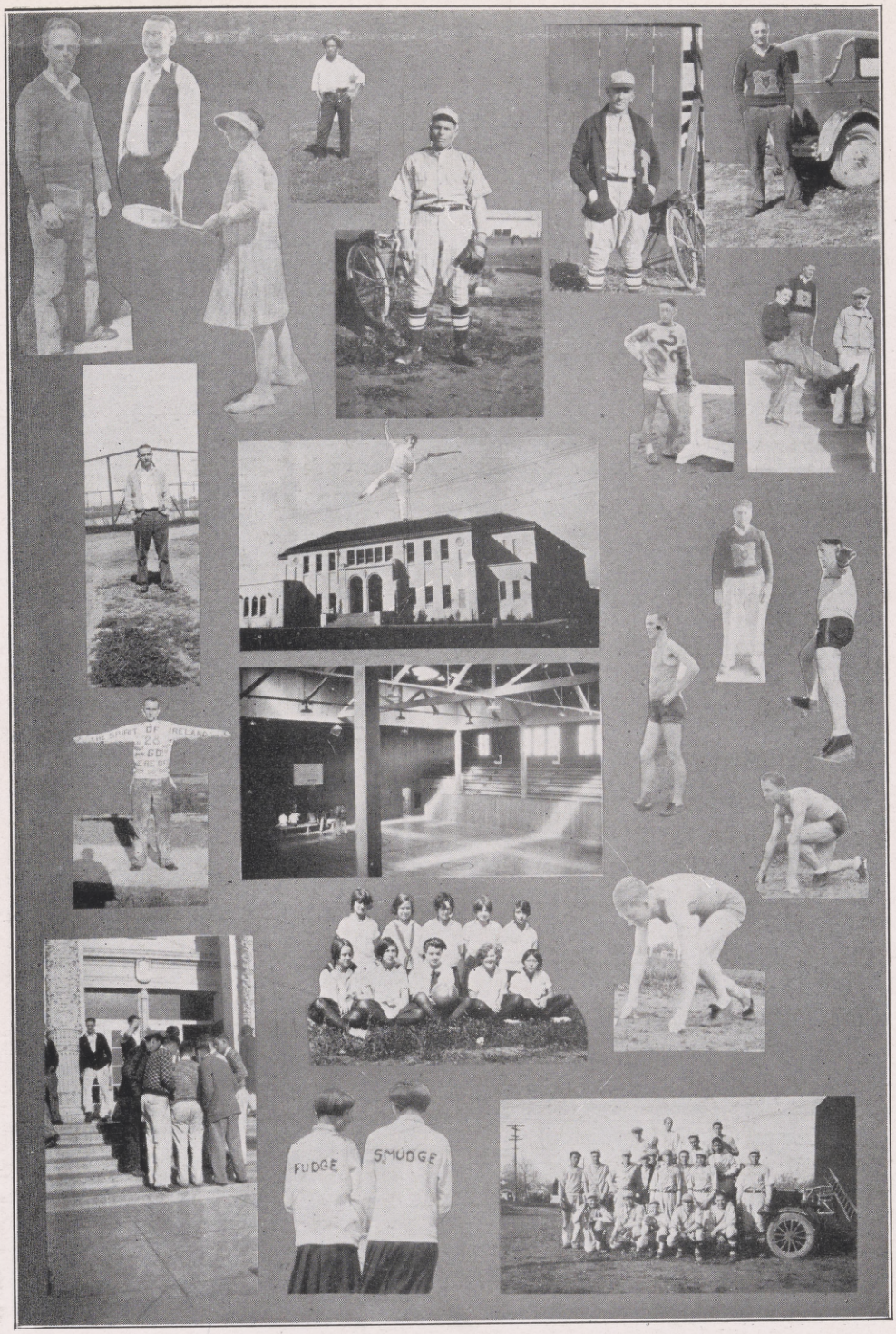
Conrad Kunze, because of his health, is taking it easy just now.

Celeste Jorgensen toils in San Francisco for her weekly pay check.

Bob Awalt goes to State with the rest of the crowd.

Camilla Swete is attending business school in Palo Alto.

Edna Pell is secretary to the Clerk of the City of Mountain View.


FUDGE
SMUDGE

Class of '26

Attending San Jose "State"

Grace Hardy
Fannie Sutfin
Dorothy Theuerkauf
Frank Holden

At Home

Arthur Moore
Wilfred Moore
Mike Radisich (Working at Yosemite in the summer.)
James Graham
Ruth Pell (Secretary at M. V. U. H. S.)
Vera Dean (Working for D. & S. Lumber Co.)
Sealy Bennetts (Dentist's Course)
George McPheeters (Heald's Business School)
George Armanini (U. S. C., dentistry)

Married

Doris Moore (Graduated from San Jose Secretarial School, also.)
Beatrice Mason Davey
Louis Beck and the former Miss Margaret McCall

Away at Work

Ritchie Lovejoy (in S. F.)
Ruth Hollingsworth (in Palo Alto)
George Marcella (in Oakland)
Pearl Foster (Nurse)
Martha Marovich (Studying to be a Nurse)
Ruth Browne (With a Los Angeles dancing company)

Away at School

George MacDonald (Santa Clara University)
Harold Chandler (Santa Clara University)

Class of '25

Married

Lucille Cardoza (Mrs. Wm. Vielhauer)
Lelia McCorkle (Mrs. Mike Radisich)

At Home

George Bolitho (Electrical work)
Mary Ivancovich (Working at Paulding's)
Gilbert McCorkle (working in Post Office)
Jack Tutman (Parisian Bakery)
Theresa Popovich (working in Bank of Italy)
Rae Mockbee (With Prussia's in S. J.)
Fred Strong (M. V. Post Office)
Victor Berta
Kermit Pennel
Irene Butler
Alta Rose
Louis Moore
Glenn Vastbinder

Away at School

Stewart McCormack (U. C.)
Donald Williams (U. C. Dental College)

Away at Work

Galilee Joseph (Teaching near San Jose)
Francis Cook (Bank of Italy in Burlingame)
Philip Rice
James Kennedy (In Richmond)
Mary Kraljevich (In San Francisco)
Edson Sherrard (In S. F. Bank)
Elson Hamlet (At Stanford)
Florence Morgensen (Teaching in Sunnyvale)
Crisanto Castro (Bank of Italy in S. F., hand in hand with Giannini)

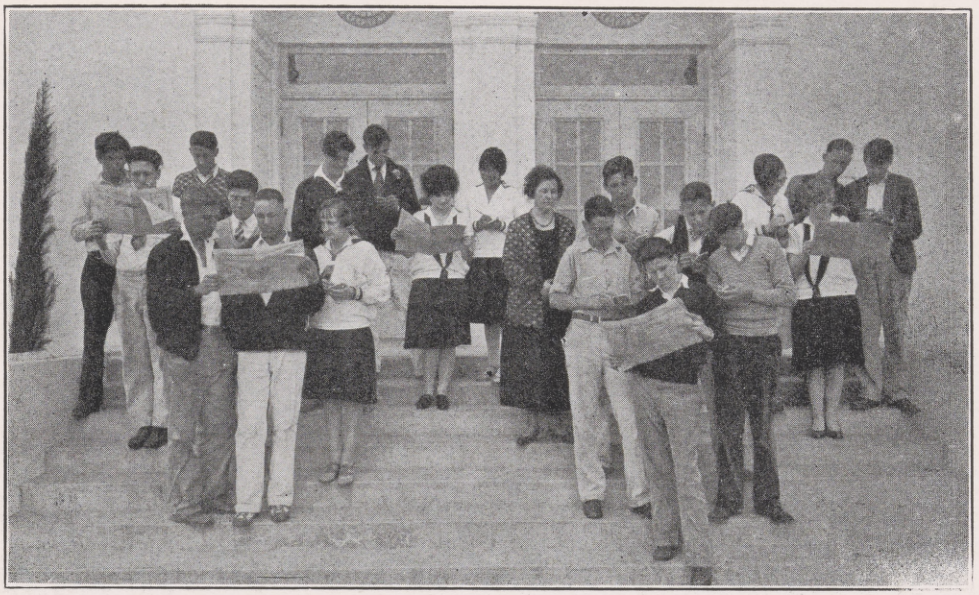
Attending San Jose "State"

Ralph Glenn
Eldon Beaulieu (Music)
Francis Russell (Taking high honors)
Alice Buck
Martha Noll
Harry Wickliffe
Grace Geisler
Ellis Anderson

Ruth McDaniel
Activities

The Blue and Gray

HORACE LAUGHLIN ..... *Editor-in-Chief*
HELEN CIVELLI ..... *Assistant Editor, Literary Editor*
WILLIAM LAUGHLIN ..... *Business Manager*
EDITH EDWARDS ..... *Art Editor*
RUTH MCDANIEL ..... *Assistant Art Editor*
HARRY LOOMIS ..... *Snap Shots Editor*
KEITH KUNZE ..... *Joke Editor*
EVELYN WILLIAMS ..... *Activities Editor*
PHYLLIS SMITH ..... *Organizations Editor*
RAY ALFORD ..... *Alumni Editor*
EVELYN CLARK ..... *Assistant Alumni Editor*
JOHN THUESEN ..... *Boys' Athletics Editor*
CLAIRE JELAVICH ..... *Girls' Athletics Editor*
EVELYN NIELSEN ..... *Senior Historian*
VIRGINIA CAMP ..... *Compiler of the Horoscope*
JEAN LEVIN ..... *Writer of the Will*
MACKENZIE CANTIN ..... *Senior Prophet*
LEWIS DUNHAM ..... *Junior Historian*
WALTER MILOVINA ..... *Sophomore Historian*
JANE RICCONI ..... *High Freshman Historian*
ELEANOR PETERSON ..... *Low Freshman Historian*
BARTO MOLINEUX ..... *Art Advisor*
LOUISE G. SCHMIDT ..... *General Advisor*



The Observer

"THE OBSERVER," our official news organ, has just closed a second successful year, by keeping the general public informed with an up-to-the-minute account of school life; furnishing a medium with which to keep the alumni in touch with the old institution; and serving the various school activities with sufficient advertising.

Living up to its slogan, "Mountain View Moves," the staff, a Journalism class, has made a complete turnover every two weeks, thus bringing new life to all topics and furnishing a greater range of practical experience. Two editors, John Laznibat and Herbert Moore, entirely new to the work, but both showing considerable executive ability, took hold of the paper right where the class of last year left off. With a vigorous and rugged force each led his respective side in much pleasant rivalry, and set a general tone to the paper of which the school has grown to be proud. When it was necessary for John to take Trigonometry at mid-year, a new leader was found in Steven Carkeek, a choice recognizing the development of a fine spirit, a manly attitude toward hard work, and much tireless effort.

While it has not been the intention to produce professional journalists, this work has developed or brought to the front several pupils of real ability. Ray Alford, Steve Carkeek, Tayeko Kiyomura, and Elda Frederickson, all have shown a distinctive style of their own, and their articles have been looked forward to by readers of "The Observer," while in Hazel Francisco we feel sure the slumbering genius of a real poet has been awakened. Elsewhere in the Annual may be found some of her work for your enjoyment.

The work of these alert students and their enthusiastic director, Mrs. Barto Molineux, has done much to bind the public to the institution in an interested friendly relationship.

Music

THE DEPARTMENT of Music under the direction of Mr. Llye Campbell has grown in numbers by the entrance of students from the Grammar School in February, the training of additional students in the High School and the purchase of new instruments. The department has also branched out in include a Band as well as the Advanced and Beginners' Orchestra.

The boys' chorus of fifty-one and the girls' chorus of eighty-one have sung in Assemblies and at the dedication of the gymnasium. Their Processional and Recessional with lighted candles was a main event of the Pageant given by the community at Christmas. They will also sing at Commencement.

The band has officiated at a goodly array of events for its first year: baseball games, assemblies, basketball games, Legion program, and Gymnasium dedication and the Grammar School "Circus."

The orchestra, being the oldest organization, has the largest contributions to its credit by playing for the Parent Teachers' Association three times, for Fire Prevention week, Student Body night, twice for assemblies, twice for the Kiwanians, once for the Rotarians, twice for the Grange, for Senior class night, the Scholarship Banquet, Christmas Pageant, Palladia play, the Gymnasium dedication, and Commencement.

Truly the musical activities have flourished and have made a large contribution both to the development of students taking part, and to the life of the school and of the community.

OUR SCOTCHMAN

Scotch teachers are a funny sort,
(We've had an example here)
We got an awful kick where e'er
He said "This,—that was 'dear'."

He always maintained his national pride
In school or any place,
(At the show he danced the Highland fling
With perfect Scotchman grace!)

In Chorus there are a few thing said
About his "Bluebell" isle,
But in Orchestra, time is so little that
"Scotchism" lags awhile.

Bagpipes and kilts will always be
The insignia of Scotch joy,
And "The Campbells are Coming" is the song
Of M. V.'s Highland Boy!

ELDA FREDERICKSON, '29.

ORCHESTRA BAND BOYS' CHORUS

Dramatics

IN OCTOBER, we began under Mrs. Gordon's direction the dramatic work of our school year 1927-1928 with Student Body Night. It received the name of a Program of Varieties and it certainly was varied. The contents of the program were as follows:

1. Selections ..... Mountain View Union High School Orchestra
2. Selection ..... Hi-Y Glee Club
3. "The Wonder Hat" ..... Public Speaking Class

A comedy in one act by Kenneth Goodman and Ben Hecht

CAST

Columbine ..... Evelyn Williams
Margot ..... Evelyn Clark
Harlequin ..... Owens Minton
Pierrot ..... Will Laughlin
Puchinello ..... Keith Kunze
Coach ..... Helen Gordon

The stage setting was designed by the Art Department under the direction of Mrs. Molineux. Costumes were made by sewing class under direction of Miss Gerritt.)

4. Selections ..... Orchestra
5. "A Chemical Experiment" ..... Seniors
Selection ..... Orchestra
7. A Grand Opera ..... Juniors
8. A Toy Symphony ..... Sophomores
9. A Plantation Scene ..... Freshmen

The second event was a two-act play given by high school students for the Parent-Teacher Association program in December.

1. Selections ..... High School Orchestra, Mr. Campbell, director
2. The Red Lamp ..... A Play in Two Acts by Hillard Booth

Matilda Deering, a rich spinster ..... Irma Perry
Harold Deering, her nephew ..... Leston Chappell
Alice Deering, Harold's sister ..... Doris Awalt
Archie Clarke, a lawyer ..... MacKenzie Cantin
Bill Worth, a man of all trades ..... Richard Glyer
Annie, maid at the Deerings ..... Iolande Sciarini

In February a play was given by the Public Speaking class for the Junior Carnival. It was a clever and realistic comedy by Booth Tarkington, "Station YYYY"

Mr. Winstead ..... Theodore Jones
Mrs. Winstead ..... Irma Perry
Herbert Winsted ..... Richard Glyer
Anita Winsted ..... Evelyn Clark
Caroline Winsted ..... Margaret Castle
Roger Colby ..... Will Laughlin
Annie ..... Cora Radisich
Charles ..... Raymond Potts

Evelyn Williams acted as assistant to Mrs. Gordon in the coaching.

The biggest event of the year was the Senior Play, "The Patsy," by Barry Conners, Produced on March 8. Interest in the cast began as soon as school opened. It soared when try-outs began, and when the names were posted on the bulletin board, the whole Student Body was greatly excited.

The play selected was new, popular and exceedingly clever. It was a difficult phase of life to portray, but with the capable cast which was chosen and the splendid

GIRLS CHORUS DEBATORS SENIOR PLAY CAST

coaching by Mrs. Gordon, it was excellently done. The program was made especially enjoyable by three selections from the orchestra under Mr. Campbell's able direction.

Bill Harrington ..... MacKenzie Cantin
Mrs. Harrington ..... Helen Civelli
Grace Harrington ..... Theresa Knapp
Patricia Harrington ..... Virginia Camp
Billy Caldwell ..... Vincent Darrah
Tony Anderson ..... Donald Bellew
Sadie Buchanan ..... Irene Malatesta
Francis Patrick O'Flaherty ..... Bud Mockbee
Trip Busty ..... Bill Kopp

We were represented in the Ninth Annual Shakespearean Contest at Berkeley, April 22, in which Evelyn Williams won first place in the C-class of schools. Her seelction was the Potion Scene from "Romeo ond Juliet," in which she portrayed Juliet.

Math Club

ELDA FREDRICKSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*
LEWIS DUNHAM, *Vice-President*
ELDA FREDERICKSON, *Secretary and Treasurer*

THE MATHEMATICS CLUB made its first appearance at the beginning of the second semester through the efforts of Eulah Lamphear and Miss Coleman, our teacher of mathematics. The object of the club is to help further interest in mathematics in the school, especially among the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The charter members of the club are third-year mathematics students.

The club meets regularly on the last Friday of each month during its class period. The first part of the meeting is devoted to business, while the last part is used for recreation, which, consists of solving trick problems, is found particularly interesting. Just to give our former mathematicians a chance to do their "stuff," here are two with which you may struggle.

1. Mary is 24 years old. She is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?

2. If 6 cats eat 6 rats in 6 minutes, how many cats will it take to eat 100 rats in 100 minutes. We hope to solve many problems of this type which have baffled the sages for ages.

The club is still in its embryonic stage, but it has an infinite future. We have been in correspondence with other clubs of this type, but they are new in the state, very few schools having them. Next year we hope to have a regular time to meet, when we will be able to work out a definite program. We hope to have lectures on the history of mathematics and get some slides through the University Extension. Having a meeting outside of class time will also enable us to invite the lower mathematics classes in to some of our meetings, and thus keep them interested in this work.

LEWIS DUNHAM.

The Opportunity Club

WITH the idea in mind of obtaining the greatest amount of good from a class for the individual student, an entirely original method of procedure was tried out with a Sophomore class in English, this year, by Mrs. Barto Molineux. This class became "The Opportunity Club" with a president presiding, gavel in hand, a vice-president ready to take the chair at a moment's notice, a secretary to look out for attendance, collecting and filing of papers, another one to take down brief minutes, a keeper of the room to look after the comfort of everyone, and a chairman of the day to conduct the meeting. The equipment consists of three shelves of magazines, books, and fourteen dictionaries to be borrowed at any time.

The Club was formed to show the pupil that his education depends upon himself, that he will progress as far and as fast as he wishes. The school is the opportunity, the teacher only a helper or advisor. Taking the entire responsibility, the students have carried on the lesson, bringing out what points seemed to them important.

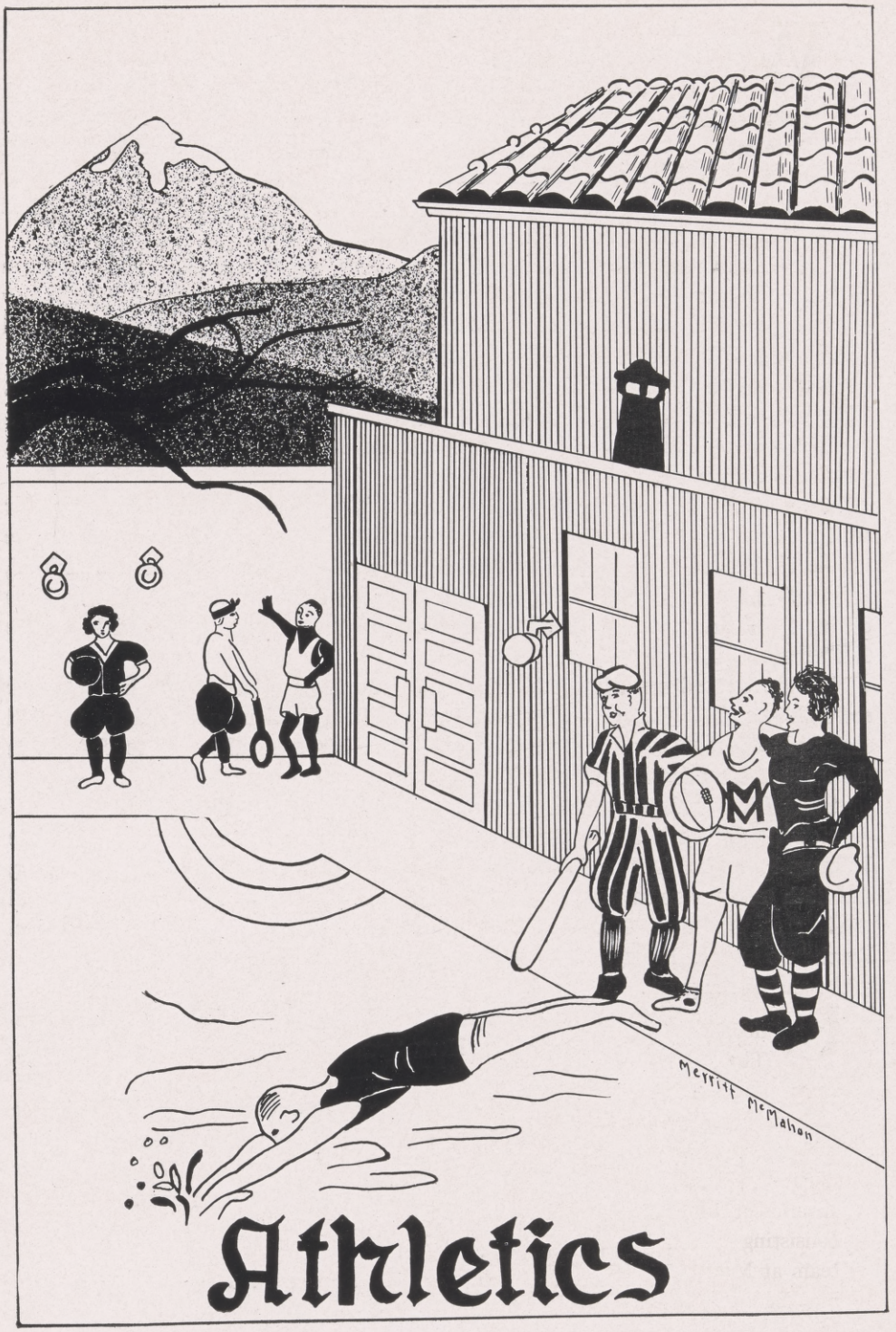
Each Monday, topics of the day taken from "The Reader's Digest" (condensed articles from some dozen or more of the leaders in the magazine world) has broadened their horizon. Each Friday a class debate on some topic of general interest, giving vent to self expression and individual opinion, has awakened a personal initiative. The three remaining days spent in intensive study of some regular text, increasing alertness and a keenness for detail for exacting classmates, has given a vision of their future in an exacting world. Both oral and written work every day has made possible regular and well balanced teacher help, and fulfilled the club's motto "A Day's Work in a Day."

Each quarter a new president has been elected by the class, each month all other officers, excepting a chairman to handle the day's work who has been appointed by the president each day. In this way, variety to the management of affairs has been obtained and the responsibility of leading constantly rotated.

Perhaps the result of the experiment can be best judged, at this close range, by the opinion of five of its members leaving school for good, and two leaving for trips abroad. Without exception, all have stated that in learning to depend upon themselves, they have experienced the keenest pleasure in their newly found ability, and hitherto unrealized power of self-reliance.

Debating

ON FEBRUARY 22, 1928, the debating teams from the Public Speaking class debated on the question: "Resolved That the Jury System Be Abolished." The affirmative team, consisting of Owens Minton and Helen Civelli, defeated at Mountain View, the negative team from San Jose High School. The negative team consisting of Evelyn Nielsen and Iolande Sciarini debated against the Sequoia affirmative team at Sequoia High School, Mountain View receiving one vote. The second debate was held April 19, 1928 on the question: "Resolved That the Practice of Intallment Buying is Detrimental to the American People." The affirmative team, consisting of Ted Jones and Owens Minton, was defeated by the Los Gatos negative team at Mountain View. The negative team, consisting of Iolande Sciarini and Bernice Bernard, debated against the Palo Alto affirmative team at Palo Alto, Mountain View receiving one vote.



Athletics

Foot Ball

MOUNTAIN VIEW'S football prospect this year was anything but promising, as last year's team graduated to a man, leaving but light and inexperienced material. Our first two practice games gave us still more discouragement, for we lost to South City, 12 to 0; then Palo Alto's second team, who were even lighter than we, held us to our old stand by 0 to 0. To top the climax Herb Spencer had to discontinue football on account of appendicitis.

Los Gatos was our first conference game. In it was scored the first touchdown Mountain View supporters had seen in two years, and best of all, the Blue and Gray showed aggressiveness and an offense which had been lacking in our teams for several years back. The score was 6 to 0, but what a big six it was in our eyes!

Next, Coach Grubb pitted the second-string men against the Santa Clara Preps. They played good football all through the game and finished up at the long end of a 13 to 0 score. This game brought much new material to light and boosted next year's stock high.

After a big rally and bonfire the Blue and Gray Squad were all on edge, for we were up against the team to be this year's Champs, and the Blue and Gray were the decided under-dogs. Wihle some of the boys were a trifle shaky at the kick-off, they were soon playing the old game and trounced Fremont 12 to 0. At no time during the entire game did Fremont advance the ball beyond the 35-yard line. We felt "like a million" that night.

Having cleared our highest hurdle for the Conference honors, we had but one more serious rival, Gilroy, last year's Champs. In a brilliant game full of football thrills played at Gilroy, we again triumphed 6 to 0, scoring the only touchdown in the last ten seconds of the first half.

Santa Clara forfeited to us a game to have been played Armistice Day

Now the Blue and Gray were the undisputed Champs of the lower division, while Jefferson Hi ranked first in the Northern section. This was the big game of the year, and both teams were in tip-top shape, the game was fiercely and squarely contested as the score indicates: 7 to 6 in favor of Jefferson. Both teams showed offensive. By the way we had punctured their line as well as they ours, we didn't feel licked at the end of the game.

By graduation we lose a quarterback and Captain; "Porky" Parnow, three consistently good ends: Horace Laughlin, Herb Spencer, and Jack Kawamoto, and a trusty guard: C. Ellsworth.

This year Coach Grubb developed one of the most outstanding fullbacks in the division, "Pot" Manfredi, whose consistent passing, kicking and line plunging gained the respect of every team we ran up against this year. Bratt and Nunes at halves were a combination hard to beat, both brilliant ball carriers and good at running interference; Miller also showed up well at half. For Quarter next year we have Cardoza, Fellows, Chappell, and Glyer.

"Hava" Hart was Mountain View's only center this year, and he certainly took a lot of gaff. Toward the end of the season Coach Grubb shifted over to center Steve Carkeek, who is raring to go next year. Campbell, our "Pony" guard, and C. Ellsworth were relieved by Ralston and Carkeek. The tackle berths were held down by

'27
'27

Moore and Dunham. Moore was in every play this season, and Dunham missed but two at the end of the Los Gatos tilt. In addition to those graduating there were Janovich and Thuesen at end.

A few interesting facts are that during the entire season Mountain View did all its scoring in the second quarter, Jefferson was the only team to cross our goal line, and the 1927 football season brought Mountain View back on the football map.

BASKETBALL—UNLIMITED

AS FAR as actual results are concerned, Basketball was only a mediocre activity; we tied for second place in the league. But from another standpoint it was the greatest season we have ever had, in that the new Gym was completed in time to have the last three games played in it. This means that in the future Mountain View will practice under conditions equally favorable to those of its opponents.

The game itself produced several surprises and stars; foremost among them was Pete Laznibat, who was high-point man in almost every game he started. The trio of Senior regulars consisting of Sohler, Mockbee, and J. Laznibat, played fine ball, Laznibat's defensive work being especially outstanding. Markov and Bratte divided honors at the guard opposite J. Laznibat.

The public seemed to take very much more interest in the game this year than previously, the games played in the Gym being especially well attended. This helped the Student Body Fund considerably. Without doubt Mountain View will come back strong next year in Basketball, owing to the better playing conditions and wealth of material returning next year.

The Squad was: center, Mockbee, Cantin; guards, Janovich, J. Laznibat, Markov, Bratte, and Konig; forwards, P. Laznibat, Sohler. Laughlin, and Manfredi.

Scores		M. V.	Second Round		M. V.
Gilroy	10	33	Gilroy	7	32
Live Oak	8	35	Live Oak	12	34
Fremont	12	37	Fremont	23	43
Santa Clara	28	16	Santa Clara	23	19
Los Gotas	18	15	Los Gatos	9	22

130 POUNDERS

THE BLUE AND GRAY 30'S this year played some mighty fine ball at times, and then at other times they looked very ragged. They had the honor of playing the first conference game in the new Gym, against Santa Clara. Individually the team seemed good, for Darrah, Captain of the 30's, Neuroth, Vincent, Jelavich, I. Kawamoto, and Campbell were of no mean ability, as were also the substitutes, J. Chappell, W. Laughlin, J. Givich, and Ralston. A squad containing that amount of individual ability should have been more outstanding. However there is always another year coming, and in that our hopes of a championship team lie.

		M. V.			M. V.
Gilroy	10	23	Gilroy	14	24
Live Oak	14	16	Live Oak	5	14
Fremont	17	15	Fremont	10	17
Santa Clara	11	13	Santa Clara	13	19
Los Gatos	6	12	Los Gatos	12	11

BASKETBALL 120'S

BASKETBALL 110'S

BASEBALL TEAM

10'S AND 20'2

THIS YEAR Mountain View entered basketball teams into the 120 and 110 pound division. For the first season both teams did very well, the 110's being the more outstanding, with a loss of but two games durnig the season. Both were lost in the first round, one to Fremont, and the other to Campbell, the league leaders. Later on, however, the 110's beat Campbell 11 to 8. Captain De Courtoni, center, was responsible for most of our scoring, while Tanaka was responsible for the little scoring done by the opposing teams. Other boys on the Squad were J. Givich, Rose, and Olney, forwards; Dale Marovich, and Schmidt, guard; Manlove and Knight, centers.

		M. V.			M. V.
Fremont	10	2	Fremont	7	14
Live Oak	4	8	Live Oak	11	13
Campbell	12	8	Campbell	8	11
Gilroy	4	5	Gilroy	5	8
Santa Clara	13	15	Santa Clara	2	21

The outstanding players for the 20's were, Captain Darrah, center, and I. Kawamoto, guard. The entire team played hard throughout the entire season, but our boys seemed to be smalled than the usual run of 20's. The fellows who made up the Squad were L. Givich, Bissonette, Milovina, K. Kunze, and J. Olney, guards; Tsuruda, I. Kawamoto, and J. Chappel, forwards; Darrah, Greenough, and Marshal, centers.

		M. V.			M. V.
Fremont	7	8	Fremont	2	17
Live Oak	18	15	Live Oak	24	12
Gilroy	13	14	Gilroy	15	8
Campbell	31	14	Campbell	10	8
Santa Clara	26	20	Santa Clara	14	25

BASEBALL

IN BASEBALL we won our second Divisional Championship this year, and it was a very close game against San Jose that kept us from going farther, the score being 5 to 4. The game was a thriller to watch, being featured by many spectacular plays and hits and by Sohler's pitching.

The games we played in our own division were all easy except the Morgan Hill contest, which turned out to be a pitching duel, but one in which Sohler came out on top by a score of 1 to 0.

Through graduation we lose Sohler, who is considered one of the best High School pitchers in the state; Laznibat, a veteran of several seasons; Matienzo, Vincent, and Sirvain. Though the team may still seem intact it can hardly be expected to come forth next year as it has in the last two or three seasons.

Following is the list of boys who played through the entire season:

Right-field: Nunes, Rose, Pyle.
Left-field: Laznibat, Campbell.
Center-field: Janovich, Johnson, Sirvain.
Short-stop: Matienzo.
Third-base: Manfredi.
Second-base: Laznibat.
First-base: Fellows, Marshall, Vincent.
Catcher: Bratte.
Pitcher: Solher.

SCORES

Morgan Hill	0	Mountain View	1
Santa Clara	6	Mountain View	14
Los Gatos	1	Mountain View	17
Fremont	2	Mountain View	16
San Jose	5	Mountain View	4

TRACK MEN

UPPERCLASS BASEBALL

UPPERCLASS BASKETBALL

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

ONE OF THE most essential characteristics of any high school is an interest in athletics. It is indeed a fact that in a school where an athletic spirit exists a feeling of good sportsmanship, cooperation and clean play predominates, and a sense of school pride and honor is prominent in the hearts and minds of participants and rooters.

Our basketball games were all played with exciting interest. Defeats were taken with a smile. One of the most interesting games was played by the Juniors and Sophomores to determine the interclass champions. After a hard and exciting game the Juniors were victorious.

Senior line-up as follows—Theresa Knapp and Alice Carey (capt.) guards; Evelyn Nielsen (j. c.) and Eleanor Howell (s. c.) centers; Claire Jelavich and Rita Ralston forwards. Helen Civelli, Mitsuho Funibiki, Doris Awalt, Doris Bennetts and Jean Levin (coach) proved themselves to be very able substitutes.

Junior line-up was as follows—Ellen Beck and Tayko Kiyomura (coach) guards; Do is de Curtoni (j. c.) and Margaret Castle (s. c.) centers; Evelyn Clark and Nellie Janovich (capt.) forwards. Shirley Huff, Hazel Francisco, Yolande Sciarini and Elizabeth Leslie were substitutes.

Sophomore line-up was—Edith Edwards (coach) and Erma Shroeder (capt.) forwards; Ruth Raymond (j. c.) and Mary Laznibat (s. c.) centers; Katie Knapp and Ann Knapp, guards. The substitutes were Madeline Cardoza, Lillian Beck, and Rhoda Pyle.

The Freshman Team was composed of Merle Reddington and Anna Janovich guards; Jane Ricconi (j. c.) Loris Clark (capt. and s. c.); Geraldine Grennan and Leona Stone, forwards; Alta Miller was coach and Doris Miller, Frances Evanovich were substitutes.

We have as yet not organized our baseball teams, but we are looking forward to a good season.

CLAIRE JELAVICH, '28.

THE GIRLS' BLOCK SOCIETY

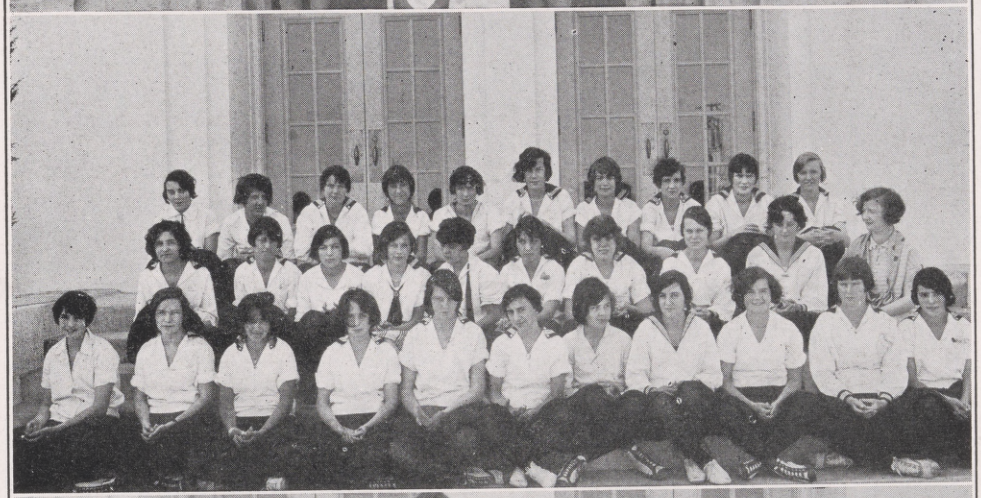
CLAIRE JELAVICH, *President* NELLIE JANOVICH, *Vice President*
MARGAET CASTLE, *Secretary*

THE GIRLS' Block Society is one of the newest organizations in school. As yet very little has been accomplished by them. Their purpose is to encourage athletics in the school, promote good sportsmanship, and to do everything possible to help in any way in school.

This year the Block Society was given charge of the Athletic Banquet. Though circumstances prevented the holding of this banquet this year; it will continue to be a major spring event.

Seven girls compose the membership, at present and Claire Jelavich and Nellie Janovich have been awarded blocks.

BLOCK GIRLS



LOWER CLASS BASEBALL

LOWER CLASS BASKETBALL

Markov
De Custoni
Sohler
Horace Laughlin
Mockbee
Nunes
Manfredi
Pete Lazmitat
Tom Marshall
Bill Brett
Herb. Moore
Jack Kawamoto
M
Eugene Irvine

Minor Sports

THIS YEAR minor sports have advanced a good deal in that, with the new gymnasium, tumbling, swimming, etc., have been introduced. Swimming especially has taken a prominent place, the last half of each physical education period being given over to that sport for those who want to indulge in it.

Tennis, which could probably be termed the most popular minor sport, was played very little until the last two weeks of school, from which time on it has rapidly forged ahead. A double tournament is to be run off, but it is not likely that we shall be represented in the County Tournament, as the Junior-Senior picnic will probably fall on the same day as it has in the past.

Owing to recent amendments to the Constitution of the Student Body, all athletes who are able to meet requirements receive a 6 x 6 inch block letter.

THE DRAMATIST

(Continued from page 48)

Life in the Spanish bungalow went on much as before Hugh went away, until the telegram came. It was the usual form, "We regret to inform you, etc." But to Barbara it said, "Hugh is dead; you'll never see him again. Hugh is dead."

Over and over again the words ran through her brain. "Hugh, Hugh is dead." And she realized that she loved him more than she had ever loved him in the days when he had wooed her. She loved him now with an aching maternal love. Not the sweetheart love that had made her demand attention from him, but a love that made her want to protect him from the blows of life as his friends had. For the first time she was in sympathy with them and could understand their desire to fuss over him.

Suddenly she awoke to the realization that she must get away, so she went South to a little resort where she would meet none of her friends. She would be alone. Here she sought peace of soul and mind. She spent long days in the heart-healing air of the mountains. Its clear freshness brushed the fog from her brain, and soothed the aceh in her heart. Gradually she came to the point where she could think of Hugh and her life with him without flinching. She went over the conversations they had had. She even dwelt upon their farewell. One day, while coming home from one of the long walks she was in the habit of taking, his parting words struck her with their full force: "Good-by, Barbara, my country needs me."

She was overwhelmed by a clear light of understanding and happiness. All the sorrow of the past weeks was gone. Joy shone in her eyes. Hugh had died happily. His love of the dramatic had been satisfied. She pictured to herself his inner joy at being privileged to die so gloriously. Hugh had always loved to dramatize the simplest occurrences, and at last he had lived in a really sublime moment. How happy he must have been!

His parting words had comforted her, but not as Hugh had intended that they should. That was a bit of irony, but there is a law of compensation.

With a light heart and clear mind she went back to her friends. They might grieve and exclaim over Hugh's tragic death, but she could sit quietly by, with a wise smile in her eyes. She knew! Hugh had been a dramatist! And in the supreme moment of a man's existence he had taken his last great pose. A martyr for his country!

HELEN CIVELLI, '28.

"GIVE'M THE AXE"

Slowly:
Give'm the axe, the axe, the axe.
Give'm the axe, the axe, the axe.
Give'm the axe! Give'm the axe!
Give'm the axe where?
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck!
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck!
Right in the neck! Right in the neck!
Right in the neck there.
(Repeat with speed)
Who? (Name of school)!

"BOOLA SONG"

Oh here's to the health of Mtn. View High
Sing boola boola boola boo.
We'll sing her praises to the sky,
Sing boola boola boola boo.
We're hard as nails and we're tough as rails
The first in every fight.
Oh here's a health to her tonight
Sing boola boola boola boo.

Chorus:
Oskiwow wow wiskywee wee
Holy muckiyi, Mtn. View High.
Californiai Mtn. View High
Californiai Mtn. View
Rah, Rah!
(Repeat chorus without rahs.)

Whos goin a win a win
Whos goin a win a win
Who's goin a win a win NOW?
We're goin a win a win
We're goin a win a win
We're goin a win a win HOW?
E-A-S-Y
EASY

Ice Cream Candy, Soda Water Pop,
Mountain View,
Mountain View,
Always on the top.

When you're up you're up,
When you're down you're down.
When you're up against Mtn. View
You're up side down.

Here's to the Blue,
Here's to the Gray.
Come on team and put
Them out of them way.

THE END

Wash 'em out, Ring 'em out.
Hang them on the line.
We can beat (——) any old time.

Rickety! Rackety
Rip! Rap! Ree!
Kickapoo! Huckleberry
X! Y! Z!

"IN THE HIGH CHAIR"

(Name of school) in the high chair,
Who put her there?
Ma! Pa! Zis boom bah!
Mountain View! Mountain View!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

"BIG TIGER"

Big tiger, WOW!
Little tiger, weeeeee
Mountain View, WOW!
(Name of school) weeeeee.

"TUT" YELL

M. N. V. U. M. N. V. U.
M-N-V-U
Mountain View! Mountain View!
MOUNTAIN VIEW!

"SKY-ROCKET"

Sky-rocket! (Whistle)
Boom! Ah! Mtn. View!

Soak 'em on the wish-bone
Punch 'em in the jaw.
Send 'em to the cemetery,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hoop Bah! Yell again!
Hoop! Bah! Bah!
Mtn. View Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hinky-Spanky,Spanky-Eponky
Gilroy always like a donkey,
Gilroy kicks, Gilroy brays
Gilroy has the donkey's ways
Kinky-Spinky-Spanky-Sponky,
That's why Gilroy's like a donkey.
(Names of other schoools may be substituted.)

Rain or shine, snow or sleet,
Mountain View can't be beat.

Merritt McMahon
Humor

Look me over Kid
Knight
Blub Blub
Marovich takes his daily plunge
Phl
Hava
RRR
Phl
Tricky Dick's Sore toe
Frosh takes good Look at Fanucci
Orchestra.
Hori
HONORS
AA
Seniors
SPORTS
Hobo Day
GyeR
Hori
music may charm the fish for Spencer
McIntyre
GyeR
Dardanel shows Frosh how—

THE WISDOM OF FOLLY

Since all the world is one big stage,
(I believe 'twas Shakespeare said it)
Where everyone must take his part,
(And do his best to make it)
'Twere well to seek Dame Wisdom out,
(To coach and help you play it)
For everywhere you chance to go,
(And you'll be sure to do it)
You'll need her knowledge and her care
(You can't get on without it.)
She'll tell you what to do each time,
That you're put up against it,
And show you how to make things go
When every one else condemns it.
She'll take you to the very top,
(And see it's you who takes it)
When Success is calling for a star
(And the wise are bound to make it.)
But there's another pal you'll need,
(And don't you dare forget it)
For life that's all on Wisdom bent
(I speak with care who say it)
Is not well rounded or well spent
Till you with Folly mix it.
A little fun and frolic now
Is good to help you fix it.
So take them both; go hand in hand
(They're happy—they who do it)!

BARTO MOLINEUX.

"I LOVE ME"

Going: That college turns out some great men.
Gone: When did you graduate?
Going: I didn't graduate; I was turned out.

NOT UP TO DATE

DeCurtoni: Did you pass your examination?
Olney: How could I? They asked me things that happened before I was born.

AT THE ANNUAL DANCE

Lew: Evelyn, may I have this dance?
Evelyn: Isn't it rather early?
Lew: Well, the early one catches the er—ah—

IN HISTORY XII

Miss Tuft: Do you know that our forefathers ruined the soil in many places?
Philip S.: I only have one father; he couldn't have done all that.

WE'LL AGREE!

"Pudge": Say Bill, what is your opinion of comitting suicide, anyhow?
Bill L.: Well, I think that it is awfully dangerous.

WHO'D THINK IT?

Shirley H.: I wonder how old Mrs. Gordon is?
Vinnie: Pretty old, I imagine. They say that she used to teach Cæsar.

WHAT! OUR FROSH?

Miss Tuft: Who was one of the judges of the Supreme Court who gave many famous verdicts?
Ray A.: Tom Marshall.

A TRAGEDY IN EIGHT 8's

B8
K8
F8
D8
L8
W8
H8
G8

IN THE CLINIC

Nurse: Now go to sleep, Johnny. Remember that there's an angel watching over you.
Frosh: Angel! Don't be so conceited.

SOPH YELLS

Thuesen (watching Glyer lead a yell): Is he doing setting up exercises?
Moore (as Glyer slips and falls): No, sitting down exercises.

CORRECT!

Tom Marshall: Well, I answered a question in class today.
Mother: What answer did you give?
Tom: Present.

AS IN A MIRROR

Bellew: What d'ye suppose makes my face sore?
Loomis: I'd be sore too if I had to look like it does.

"HERB" KNOWS THAT HE KNOWS

Mr. Aitken: When you finish this course, you'll know as much about it as I do.
Herb. Spencer: All right, I'll take my credit now.

ASK KOLB AND DILL

Mrs. Gordon: When the audience laughs, wait until they stop before you go on with your speech.
Helen C.: What if we stop, and they don't laugh?

HOBO DAY

Hobo has "came and went,"
And much good energy was spent
In games that only men can play
To sweat and work to win the day.

The Seniors, bosses of the school,
Used the giant Sophomores for a tool
With which to beat and thoroughly squash
The stalwart Juniors and Tiny Frosh.

Howeer, before the day was o'er
The victor's sinews were mighty sore,
For the Juniors, tho' small in number,
Were strong as mules and made no blunder.

In the Junior men was will galore
To win the "Hava" Hat of yore;
And the fight that was fought that memorable day
Was a mighty affair and a great display.

Steve Carkeek, '29.

WHEN THE SHOE IS ON THE OTHER FOOT

Now that the Seniors are leaving,
The Freshmen so green are here,
Untaught in the methods of High School;
But they'll learn in less than a year.
At first they lose their locker keys,
And now and then their books,
But on Initiation night you ought to see their looks.

The Sophomores first are viewed with awe,
And then they are viewed with disdain
While after Initiation night
Frosh never speak to them again.

But when we get to the Sophomore year,
With contempt we will look on the Frosh so green;
We will laugh at their troubles as we were laughed at
But think not of our laughings-at, then.

JAMES CASTLE, 32.

THE LOST CHORD?

Horace L.: Why did you stop singing in the choir?

Clark E.: Because one day I didn't sing and somebody asked if the organ had been fixed.

ITEM FOR OUR JOURNALISTS

Bill Laughlin was seen leading a donkey down the street singing "Me and My Shadow."

THE TRAGEDY

The hall clock ticked the hours away,
His lamp still burning, midnight found;
He studied yet at break of day,
Nor stopped when day had made its round.

The hall clock ticked no more, for age
Its sturdy works had decomposed;
Yet still he scanned the printed page
And never from his chair arose.

Rotted away is the sturdy stair
Which to his room once entrance gave,
And overgown for want of care
Is the fair garden for which he slaved;

Life hath left his earthly dross,
Yet still his bones do scan the text;
He died, a martyr to the cause
Of cramming for his Latin Ex.

PHILIP CAMBERLAIN, '31.

TWO THREE'S

Frosh I: Do you know the Big Three, Dunham, Moore, and Thuesen?

Fresh II: Yes, smarty, and I've had a ride in the famous Dodge, too.

Frosh I: Anyway I bet you **don't** know the Feminine Big Three!

Frosh II: Nope, never heard of them.

Frosh I: Well, I do: Evelyn Clark, Evelyn Nielsen, and Evelyn Williams. And what's moore **I've** had a ride in their "Ophelia." So there!

DURING THE SURVEY

Frosh I: What are these questionnaires for that the Stanford Prof is giving us?

Frosh II: I dunno; but from the looks of mine it's to find out what we don't like and can't do.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Bill Kopp: Next to a beautiful girl, what do you think is the most intertesing thing in the world?

Lew. Dunham: When I'm next to a beautiful girl, I'm not worrying about statistics.

Alford (watching Pearson run): That fellow is fast.

Potts: Yeh? What's he fast to?

Mr. Goulet (to Nick Janovich): Sit up in your seat, Nick, then you will grow tall like me!

PAINTING PICTURES

I saw a group of painter's arts this morn;
Full fine they were! The scenes as if reborn
From Nature's vivid models by the brush
Of some great master! Gilded by the blush
Of Dawn, the paintings hung in roseate light.
Oh, how wonderful to paint a lively sight!
For to paint, in art, 'tis to express
The passions of the heart, that curse and bless!
Lovely as these paintings are, I ween
There're none more lovely than a sight I've seen!
But I have not the skillful brush. Ah then,
I'll paint the picture with my humble pen!

We were looking towards the western sky.
Apollo's left his blazing path on high,
And now his chariot sinks behind the hills,
His touch illuminating wooded rills,
Which course their joyful way along the slopes
Telling the world they are philanthropes!
The mountains blend into the dusky sky,
And from their base up to the summit high,
They're covered with a blanket, dense and green.
The forest dark. And far below is seen,
Where the meadow and the mountain meet,—
A scene unknown within the city street,—
A white-washed farmhouse nest'ling in the shade,
As if by hand of Nature there 'twas laid.
Surrounding it are barns and granaries,
And everywhere the same red roofs one sees;
Still farther on, while grazing peacefully,
A herd of spotted cattle on the lee.

The sun has set, and dusk has veiled the scene,
But it will last for centuries, I ween,
For it is not a transient thing in paint;
The added years, which make all colors faint,
Find its brilliant hues as those today,
For Nature lasts forever and a day!

ELIZABETH LESLIE, '29

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UPLIFTING

Smart: My brother takes up French, Spanish, Scotch, English, Swedish, Hebrew, and Italian.
Alec: My word! Where does he study?
Smart: Study? He doesn't study; he runs an elevator.

Girl: Can you tell me the shape of a kiss?
Boy: Well, give me one and we will call it square.

WHICH ONE?

Tom S.: Are those girls both sisters?
Robert P.: No, only one of them.

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A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Senior: You know so much; who were the four horsemen?
Frosh: Barney Google, Paul Revere, Tom Mix, and the Prince of Wales.

POSITION!

Mrs. Gordon: Edward, can you make a sentence using the word indisposition?
Pearson (throwing off his coat): If I want to fight I stand in dis position.

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COMPLIMENTS

OF

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AND SERVICE STATION

PHONE 47

THREE MEN IN A DODGE

'Tis sad to relate
How on March the Eighth
When the Senior Play was over,
Three men in a "boat,"
Each one of note,
Undertook to go home together.
The "boat" was a Dodge
Belonged to the lodge
Of the same Inseparable Three;
Now a scheme they had
Which seemed not bad,
Of taking a short way home.
So they all agreed
To have a feed
When they reached home that night;
For not one of them thought
Though maybe he ought
That a short way home is longest;
But, true to tell,
They mired in the dell,
And the "wee small hours" found them
Stuck.
Oh what luck!

AND A SPORT CAR

He: Do you like boys with blue eyes?
She: No, I prefer them with green-backs.

THE
Growers' Hardware

Phone 106

160 Castro Street
MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIF.

Hi Y Boys
Bill Kopp
Happy Stere
Kenna disturbs a Junior.
Les. Chappel. "Hey Grubb where's my necktie?"
Lefty primps.
One man band
A fast Camera Catches Tom Marshall
Hava retires after Gym.
Pee Wee Lane Magician

BOYS, GIRLS, AND TEACHERS
of the

MOUNTAIN VIEW UNION
HIGH SCHOOL

A Happy and Prosperous Future
for You All
is the wish of

CHAS F. HARTLEY, President
SAM P. MILLER, *Vice President*
of the

HARTLEY HARDWARE CO.
Incorporated
"The Service Store"

SHAVING CLOSE!

First Frosh: Say, does your math. teacher grade close?
Second Ditto: I'll say she does; she takes off five points if we write a decimal point upside down.

ALL RIGHT?

Miss Schmidt: Now, Lyle, spell "wrong."
Miller: R-O-N-G.
Miss Schmidt: That is wrong.
Miller: Well, isn't that what you asked me to spell?

HOW COME?

Ernie Moore: I had a lot of trouble playing host to Bellew last week. Why he insisted on paying for everything.
Harry Loomis: Yeh, where does the trouble come in?

Mockbee: That was a nice little party you held last night.
Fellows: Wasn't she though.

Suits made to order.

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TAILOR AND CLEANER

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HOME OF FINE SHOES

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ALL KINDS

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It Pays to Look Well

Palace Barber Shop
SANITARY

186 Castro Street
Mountain View, California

ALL DEPENDS ON THE VIEWPOINT

Melvin McIntyre: Did you get hurt while you were on the eleven?
Herb. Spencer: No, it was while the eleven were on me.

ERGO

Noel Knight: Is it true that all good looking Seniors are conceited?
Bud M.: No, I'm not.

WHAT'S HE NOW

Mr. Campbell: I'd give $5000 to be a millionaire.

Dr. G. W. Toft
D.D.S.

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Company

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